

ZION'S HERALD



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PUBLISHER'S ANNOUNCEMENT.

TWO MONTHS FOR NOTHING.—All who subscribe now for ZION'S HERALD for one year, we will send it to the close of the year free of charge, namely:—

To January 1, 1873,	for \$2.50
" July 1, 1872,	" 1.25
" January 1, 1872,	" .40

We ought to have ten thousand new subscribers between this and the first of January, and can have them if the preachers and members will take hold of the matter with zeal. Some preachers have made a good beginning.

Now is the time to work. Don't wait till near the close of the year, when everything crowds in upon you. Let every stationed preacher, and every minister who may be supplying a charge, remember that he is an authorized agent of the HERALD, and unless he presents the subject to his people it will be neglected, as we have no special agents in the field.

Please, brethren, in cities and country, see that a thorough canvass of your Church and congregation is made immediately. If you cannot attend to it, select some suitable person to do so.

THE EPISCOPAL CONVENTION ended, as such conferences usually end. Before they meet, one fancies that a division is certain, so fierce is their wrath. But when they come together, the instinct of union is greater than the purpose for division, and so some sort of compromise is patched up, and things go on as they did aforetime. The Episcopal Church confirms this law. The Ritualists and Low Churchmen were at swords-points. The Bishops were divided, and the churches. The schism had been carried into the courts, and attracted as wide attention as our Book Room difficulties. But when the Convention meets, it contents itself with an opinion by a majority of the Bishops, not a dogma of the whole body, that the word "regeneration," in their service of Infant Baptism, does not mean "a moral change," a most unscriptural affirmation, as to the word itself, whatever it may be as to this use of it. But they will take shelter, doubtless, under the fact that this is not an authorized declaration of the Church, and so the Cheney and Whitehouse factions may continue to fight it out on their old line.

The second dodge was like unto the first. The Bishops propose a paper disapproving of ritualism, and the two houses refuse to adopt it by the requisite two thirds, and so that is also an unofficial declaration without any authority of any member. The different churches can pursue their own way, St. Albans, as high as it can climb towards Papacy, and St. George's, as low as it can sink towards a non-ritualistic ritualism.

The only notable thing done was the organizing of Orders of Sisterhood, a necessity, if they were not admitted into existing orders. But as there is no account of the creation of a special order for Phebe and the daughters of Philip, for Huldah and Anna, in the Bible, there does not seem to be any necessity for their creation now. Let all who have a mind to work, work, and let the Church approve of such as seem specially called to any Church work. This our Trinity Church in Springfield has done, in two different ways, licensing one to preach, engaging another as an assistant pastor. Let both grow together unto the harvest.

The Episcopalian are, therefore, as aforesome, and will pull along by their two contending forces in hostile harmony.

The Döllinger and Hyacinthe revolters from the decrees of Papal infallibility and Immaculate Conception are making some headway. They have had a Convention in Munich, largely attended from almost every European State; they denounced these dogmas, declared themselves "Old Catholic," dropped the Roman entirely.

a wise elision, looked to unity with other churches of Christ, and asked the protection of the State. This will be given, and the new Church looks well under weight. The Pope excommunicates, and they crystallize around the new centre. They still cling to tradition as of authority with the Scriptures, and celebrate the mass and do other erroneous things. But they are like Milton's half-created "tawny lion, pawing to get free." If they struggle on, they will come to the true unity of the faith in Jesus Christ, and the Word of God.

ENGLISH SYMPATHY FOR CHICAGO.—The movement all over Great Britain in behalf of suffering Chicago is such as was never seen before, even for one of her own domestic or colonial calamities; though, of course, nothing parallel to the Chicago fire has occurred in modern times. But nothing shows more plainly "the tie that binds," than this abounding liberality among all classes of our mother country. Great meetings have been held in all the large towns and cities, and great sums of money have been raised, and the most sincere sympathy expressed for our suffering citizens. Speaking of the Manchester meeting, which was presided over by the Lord Bishop, the Tribune correspondent says:—

"Mr. Jacob Bright, M. P., who is not often seen, I suspect, on the same platform with a Bishop, moved another resolution in these words:—

"That this city, grateful for benefits received in her hour of distress, deems it to be both a duty and a privilege to transmit to Chicago not only words of sympathy, but also such material aid as may serve in some degree to mitigate the horrors of her calamity; and that a committee be appointed for the purpose of taking immediate steps for receiving and transmitting the subscriptions of this city and neighborhood."

"I should like to see that quoted into every American paper. It expresses, and no more than expresses, the universal feeling among Englishmen. Indeed, it is impossible for an American to be in England at this moment without being deeply touched by what he hears and sees on all hands about the Chicago calamity. No Englishman who speaks to you forgets to mention it, or to express his sincere sympathy, and the record I have made up shows how large a number of them express it in the most practical and helpful way. The American Consul in Manchester, Mr. Branscombe, was present at this meeting, and, as representing in part the people of Chicago, made a brief speech—being called on to do so, I suppose—of gratitude. The subscriptions, at the meeting exceeded \$25,000, including one of \$5,000 from Messrs. Tootal, Broadhurst & Co. Mr. Jacob Bright and Mr. John Bright are each down on the list for \$500."

NATIONAL LOCAL PREACHERS' ASSOCIATION.—The fourteenth annual session of the National Local Preachers' Association met in the Roberts Park Methodist Episcopal Church, Indianapolis, October 21st. The President, Rev. H. Gurney, called the meeting to order; ex-President Heffner, of the Baltimore Conference, opened the services; the Rev. J. M. McVey, Chairman of the Local Committee, made the welcoming address; and the Rev. R. Andrus, of the Meridian Street Church, delivered the welcoming address, on behalf of the ministers of the city. At the evening session, Captain E. F. Ritter, of Trinity Church, delivered an address of welcome on behalf of the Christian people of the city. One hundred delegates were present. For the ensuing year, W. Woods, of Trenton, was elected President, and W. H. Kincaid, Secretary.

The following brethren were appointed as a delegation to the next General Conference:—

Thomas T. Tasker, Sr., Philadelphia; James Riddle, Wilmington, Del.; W. Wood, Trenton, N. J.; C. H. Applegate, New York; J. Cottier, Brooklyn; W. H. Kincaid, Pittsburgh; J. F. Forbes, Cincinnati; D. T. MacFarlan, New York; E. Hefner, Baltimore; A. Gurney, Valparaiso, Ind.

The following important resolutions were adopted:—

"Resolved, That we memorialize the General Conference as follows:

"1. To organize in each presiding elder's district a District Conference, to be composed of all the traveling and local preachers of the district, to be presided over by the Presiding Elder, and to meet semi-annually.

"2. To give this District Conference authority to receive, license, try, and expel local preachers, and also to recommend suitable persons to the Annual Conference, to be received into the traveling connection, and for ordination as local deacons and elders.

"3. To authorize this District Conference to assign each local preacher to a field of labor for the quarter, and to hold him strictly responsible for an efficient performance of his work."

The Watchman and Reflector is responsible for this mot:—

"The corner-stone of our new post-office was 'laid' by the Masonic 'eminents,' and pronounced well and faithfully done; the next day, the stone was raised, and relaid in authentic style. We only mention this to show how farcical such ceremonies are."

The whole affair, procession, purpose, and act, was equally farcical. The location of the building is itself the greatest farce of all, stuck in a back street, narrow and crooked.

Chicago is praising brick as better than marble and fine-stone, because it can be used in rebuilding. A good illustration of the fox and grapes. Doesn't it think ten-foot wooden shanties ahead of even brick? The latter came from the rival city of Milwaukee, and, of course, can bear no comparison to the woods of Indiana and Michigan.

Will every reader give the appeal of the Boston Committee for Chicago a careful and prayerful perusal? It is written by Rev. David Sherman, and forcibly states the case. Bro. Parkhurst has had to return home, and Dr. Raymond can only visit a few places. He will be in Nashua, Tuesday evening, Haverhill, Wednesday evening, and Fall River, Sunday, and Westfield, Tuesday the week following. We trust all these places will give him a large hearing, and all other places a large collection. Send amount to J. P. Magee as soon as taken.

Dr. Fulton made a very able plea for Prohibition last Sunday, in his church. If all the other ministers in the State had done likewise, we should have seen twenty-five thousand Prohibitory votes this election. They will do it some time, for no cause at present is more of God.

The New England Educational Convention is next week Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday. Will preachers read programme next Sunday, and call attention to it. Prof. Rice will preach Monday evening. The addresses of Dr. Cooke, Rev. Mr. McKeown, and others, to young people on getting an education, and those of Prof. Townsend and others, on the Bible in schools, will be given on Tuesday evening, and the addresses of Drs. Barrows and Newhall, and Rev. Wm. Rice, will be given on Wednesday evening. Don't fail to be present. The Convention will be held the first day in the Wesleyan Hall, and the second day in the Bromfield Street Church. All parents and young people in our churches should hear Dr. Cooke and others Wednesday evening.

The Protestant Churchman is being humbugged, as we were, by an advertisement professing to sell an accurate portrait of Christ. It issues from Bridgewater, Conn., professedly from a man by the name of C. B. Thomson. The postmaster can give no information of such a person. Some one probably takes his money for orders. It is a swindle, as the *Churchman* will find, and any other sheet that falls into his trap.

Original and Selected Papers.

TO C. L. L.

BY JOHN R. GOODWIN.

For twenty years, my dear old friend,
We've stepped the road of life together,
Betwixt through blooming fields of youth,
Midst blush of rose, and breath of heather.

Betwixt through sinuous lanes of doubt,
Where thorns and brambles interlacing
Had made the way impassable
But for Hope's flowers the vista gracing.

O'er Sorrow's hills, where mists of tears
Obscured the sunbeams o'er us playing,
By Pleasure's violet-bordered brooks,
In bright, bee-haunted meadows straying;

Through many a gloomy night of fear,
Care's burdens on our shoulders bearing.*
We've struggled on, till Joy's glad sun
Broke through the clouds upon our faring.

Full oft, old friend, the chill of grief
Hath numbed our hearts and steps to tiring,
Full oft the rosy glow of love
Hath warmed our souls to fresh aspiring.

And now, when half our journey done,
Descending slopes the path untrodden,
One lingering glance we backward throw
On scenes fast fading into sodden.

The purple haze that softly veiled
The heights to which our steps were tending,
Shrouding their rugged tops from sight,
And with the azure o'er them blending,

Hath vanished, and the truth hath shown
Life's steep in colors wan and livid,
Its woes more dark, its joys less bright
Than Youth had limned with pencil vivid.

And yet, old friend, as we reflect
That scenes now held by memory's tether,
Lost half their gloom, gained half their sheen,
In that we looked on them together.

The way before seems very short,
Our future path lays smooth, inviting,
Not to the glamour of Youth's dreams,
But to a peace all toils requiring.

And Courage comes to journey on,
Until we pass the further portal,
And Life's long walk forever done,
We enter into rest immortal.

A LOT OF LETTERS FROM REBELDOM ASSORTED.

We empty out before you the contents of a confiscated mail-bag. How did you get possession of all this pile of letters? We admit the question is pertinent, but rather question its politeness. When the host who invites you to his hospitable board, places his choicest delicacies at your disposal, good breeding would suggest that instead of inquiring, "Where did this, that, and the other good thing come from?" the propriety of following the advice of an old reformer, "When thou art bidden to a feast, eat what is set before thee, asking no question for conscience' sake." How did you get all these letters? Why, Providence favored us with them, just as he did the pious Hans Breitman with the tea-pots and spoons which jingled around the neck of his trusty steed, as he rode in the ranks of the illustrious Sherman, on his ever memorable march to the sea. And now, O courteous reader, if thou wilt listen to the sage admonition of the same saintly bummer, "Ask me no lies, and I will tell you no questions."

We will proceed at once to the work before us. The first thing we take up is an envelope, which, without a single written character, tells a sad story of how straitened for stationery were the inhabitants of Dixie during the last days of the Rebellion. This piece of paper was torn from the dingy wall of some chamber, cut into an envelope; after passing through the mails it was turned inside out, redirected, and was on its second journey, when the Confederacy that carried it collapsed. This homely envelope contains as homely a letter, touching the estate of "Pa," who died, leaving but little of his property to "the old set of children." The soldier to whom the letter is addressed, is one of the "old set." He is therein urged to join with them against the "young set," and seek to have the will broken. Who gained the day, we are not able to determine.

We take up another envelope. This one, addressed in the finest style, upon the finest material, seems to disprove the theory of a paper famine. It hails from No. 7, Rue de Choiseul, Paris, with directions, "This should be communicated at once to the President." Here we have an official document, despatched to no less a personage than the first and last chief magistrate of the C. S. A. We hesitate about giving the contents of this historic epistle to the public; and we must continue to hesitate until able to decipher the cipher in which all but its date, address, and signature are written.

We open another, and by this letter we learn that a certain captain of the Forty-first Regiment, Georgia Volunteers, is blessed with a noble wife. We quote her own language, *et literatim*: "Honey, I'm done planting, all but a few ground peas. I would of been done but I never had quite enough shelled, and I had to stop to shell to finished. I finished replanting that field of corn that you started, daniel, to plowing in, when you was home, and it is nice." Now we would most respectfully suggest to the senior editor of the *New York Tribune*, whose heart is ever open as a sunflower, that he present this worthy woman a copy of his famous book, "What I Know of Farming." I am sure the gift would be appreciated, and do more to cure her of any lingering regard for the late Confederacy, than all the acts of amnesty that Congress could decree.

Who can it be that writes this neat, dainty little letter to Sergeant Charlie —, of Longstreet's corps? Let us open it, and see. A love-letter, I declare. Poor girl, how she pines for the return of her affianced! The news of late has been so bad, she fears he has fallen. "Heart sickness" more than anything else confines her to her room. Henry, her youngest brother, consoles her by saying that he expects Charlie home every day, so many of the boys are coming back since Lee's surrender. But Charlie's sweetheart must tell her own story: —

"Charlie, I spent such a pleasant day at your father's last week. I was so despondent that I thought that if I would go where you had been, and hear them talk about you, that I would feel better. And it did have a good effect at the time, but I relapsed into a melancholy mood next day. I was so much in hopes of seeing your ambrotype. But I expect that it was best that I did not see it, as my feelings might have betrayed me. Your pa carried me down to look at his clover, and showed me over his plantation, teased me about having the Sullivan place improved for us. I think he is at a loss to know how matters stand between us. I suspect that he thinks an attachment has grown up between us, but I have no idea that he thinks that the matter has been carried to such an extent. He has no idea when he is talking with me about you, and is so uneasy about you, that I am in so much trouble from the same cause, and that he has my warmest sympathies. It is now eleven o'clock, and time for me to retire. Good night, dearest and best on earth."

We do most devoutly hope that "Charlie" is now where he can hear the fair writer of this sweet letter whisper her fond "good-night," and she have more reason than ever before to declare that her husband is "the dearest and best of earth."

But all the Southern girls are not so fond and faithful as Sergeant Charlie's sweetheart. In proof of this statement, let me read you a passage or two from a letter of a rejected suitor. After reminding his "Mol" of her spoken and written vows, now so cruelly broken, he goes on to say as follows: "If I knew the cause of this, I should feel better satisfied. Probably my last letter to you offended you in some way. Or, perhaps some one has been telling you something about me, as you well know they have been trying all possible means to set you against me. If I have said anything, or done anything to make you say what you did in your letter, I now ask to be forgiven. But I am afraid that this is not the case. You have seen some one that you love better than you ever loved me, and no longer think me worthy of your affections. Should this be true, O, my ever dear one, then all depends on you, so far as my happiness is concerned. I hope you will not keep a secret from me, but in your reply to this give me your reasons. I have said all that a poor broken-hearted and forsaken lover could say. You yet have my heart, and will ever keep it so long as you live. No other girl I can ever love, no, never. I do not, I cannot believe you will ever forsake me. The hair you sent me I prize above anything I possess in this life, and according with your request, I will enclose a small lock of mine, though you cannot wish to see it. But now, Mol, don't keep me in suspense, but answer me immediately, and do not hesitate to speak freely the cause of your estrangement. O, Mollie, how can I rest without you? May the Lord bless you. May you live long and happy after the moss has marked the spot where your poor affectionate but rejected lover lies, and sleeps to wake no more. Farewell, my dear Mollie, but not, I hope, forever." We are rather disposed to think that Miss Mollie's hard heart must have relented before the influence of one who could write such tender and eloquent appeals, and that it has proved in her case, as it does in most of similar character, that "the anger of lovers is but the renewing of love."

But you say, "enough, enough of this mawkish, sentimental stuff." So we say, too, dear reader. Now let us see what will be the next thing that turns up. It is clear this letter is written by some member of the

Church militant. Puritan blood runneth in the veins of this starchy dame, we feel certain. She ruleth well her own household in the absence of her liege-lord and husband. One of her slaves has been found guilty of the sin of swearing in the presence of her little boy. So to save the reprobate darkie from perdition, and little white master from being contaminated by such a pernicious example, she says: —

"Prince is a great rascal. He goes to sleep, and hunts rabbits and coons, and don't plough as much in five days as a good hand could in three. He is beyond all my controul. He curses like a saller. I caught him cursing before Jammie one day. I made him drop his britches, and gave him about fifty lashes with the buggy trace, but he did not mind it much."

How in all the world does this gentle lady get along in these degenerate days without a nigger to woplop? I will venture to say that she keeps her hand in by whipping the beer-barrel for working on Sunday.

Concluded next week.

DAYS WITHOUT NIGHT.

BY REV. Z. A. MUDGE.

Among the many wonderful discoveries of modern astronomy, is the fact of suns revolving about suns—the sun systems of the starry heavens. The telescope has detected not only one sun, with its attendance of planets revolving about another sun with its revolving planets, but three suns, or four, six or eight in pairs, having a common centre of gravity.

It would seem that the satellites of such a system—the earths of the attending planets, if you please—might have days without nights. When one sun sets, another may be gilding their eastern hills; or their diurnal variations consist in the exchange of many for one sun. So "there is no night there."

Thus has God hung in the heavens symbols of the eternal home of the redeemed. Thus has He written in the book of Nature incentives to our faith in the Scriptures, where He speaks plainly of the world to come.

Nor is this all. Says a recent popular writer* on astronomy: "The suns of the same system often have different colors; one shining like an emerald, another like a ruby, and perhaps a third like a sapphire. And, as if to make the Southern Cross the fairest object in all the heavens, we find in it a group of more than a hundred variously colored, — red, green, blue, and bluish-green suns, so closely thronged together as to appear, in a powerful telescope like a superb bouquet, or piece of fancy jewelry."

In fact, all the colors of the rainbow are represented in these suns, which means different colored days for their planets. Think of the colors of the precious stones hung out in the heavens, or shading into each other with a clearness and delicacy of tint possible only to the Divine pencil! The *Revelator* says of our heavenly home, not only that there shall be no night there, but that "her light is like unto a stone most precious, even like a jasper stone, clear as crystal." And again: "The foundations of the wall of the city were garnished with all manner of precious stones." So its inhabitants live in the blended colors of this "garnishing," as do the intelligent beings of the astronomical worlds—for surely inhabitants there must be—living under the varying beauties of their sky. The telescope brings to the eye the symbol, but faith brings to the heart the thing symbolized. But all these symbols show faintly the glory of Him who is once the Temple and the Light of our eternal home—for the "Lamb is the light thereof."

If all beautiful and sublime symbolism is chosen in the book of Nature and revelation to set forth the saint's future home, how good it must be to be there! But the glories of the place will be far outdone by the glory of Him who fills it, just as we are carried beyond the astonishing magnitudes, distances, and the all but eternal periods of the astronomical world, when we attempt to comprehend the greatness and wisdom of Him who created it, and upholds it by the word of His power. We lose sight of all the garniture of John's prophetic vision, when we devoutly ponder this utterance: "Behold the tabernacle of God is with men, and He will dwell with them, and they shall be his people, and God himself shall be with them, and be their God." What more could be said? Who is God? What can he not, — what will he not do for his people when he shall "dwell with them."

*Rev. Dr. Burr, in "Ecce Caelum."

HOW THEY GO UNDER THE ALPS.

I recollect many years ago, in *Punch*, a sketch of what was called "Our Prize Picture." The subject was the Box Hill Tunnel, and the picture consisted of one round spot of black. Well, I am afraid any truthful description of the Mount Cenis Tunnel must be very like *Punch*'s prize picture. When you have said that you sit in the dark for some seven miles you have said all

that honestly can be said about the matter. There is something grand in the idea that you are going under the Alps in a train. But when you have made the above reflections, it is hard to say anything else, except that "steam is a wonderful invention," and so forth. The watershed of the tunnel is reached half way. Up to this point the ascent from the Modane end is 22.10 meters in 1,000, on the southern incline it is only 5 meters in 1,000. It follows, therefore, that the incline is much steeper on the Savoy side than on the Italian. Our train was a heavy one, and for the first half of the way our progress was very slow, being little above a mile in seven minutes. The early part of the way the tunnel was so full of smoke that it was impossible to see the walls through the smoke-damped windows. As soon, however, as we reached the summit, our pace quickened: the smoke cleared away, and you could see as much — whether that much be small or great — as you can in an ordinary tunnel. The rough face of the rock is nowhere visible; the tunnel has been roofed in with cut stone, so that the arch throughout is smooth and perfect. Along the sides is a narrow footway on which a man could just stand; in the centre is a deep trough through which any water that collects in the tunnel runs out to the entrance on either side. At every half mile there is a lamp placed, so that you can note your progress. With respect to the temperature, there is no use concealing the fact that the heat of the tunnel is unpleasant, and a good deal like that of a Turkish bath. There is, too, something disagreeable in the sensation. The heat goes on increasing, and the air becomes more and more oppressive, till you have reached the turning point. I can fancy a nervous person being alarmed on the first trial. But I doubt whether the alarm would last over the first transit. I compared the temperature by a thermometer as we went through. We marked 62 deg. Fahrenheit as we entered, and at no period was the mercury above 78 deg. Indeed, after we had turned the half-way point, the air cleared. The heat went down, and we spun along merrily till we completed our seven and three-quarter miles of tunnel in forty-three minutes. At the southern mouth of the Bardonneccia end there is a plain stone arch on which the names of Cavour and Victor Emmanuel are inscribed. By the way, almost the last official act of Cavour's life was to visit the works at Bardonneccia, to see the compressed air machines by which the boring of the tunnel was completed. If my recollection serves me right, having been at Turin at the time, the fatigue of the excursion was one of the many cases assigned for Cavour's sudden and fatal illness. — Correspondent N. Y. Tribune.

HOMESTEAD OF BRYANT.

The following interesting letter accompanies several pretty engravings of the Cummington home of the poet Bryant, published in the *Hearth and Home*: —

CUMMINGTON, Mass., Sept. 1, 1871.

DEAR MADAM: — You ask me to give you some notes respecting the Bryant Homestead at this place, of which Mr. Emslie has made some drawings. I am afraid that I cannot say much which will interest you or anybody else.

A hundred years since this broad highland region lying between the Housatonic and the Connecticut was principally forest, and bore the name of Pontoosuc. In a few places settlers had cleared away the woodlands and cultivated the cleared spots. Bears, catamounts, and deer were not uncommon here. Wolves were sometimes seen, and the woods were dense and dark without any natural openings or meadows. My grandfather, on the mother's side, came up from Plymouth County, in Massachusetts, when a young man, in the year 1773, and chose a farm on a commanding site overlooking an extensive prospect, cut down the trees on a part of it, and built a house of square logs, with chimney as large as some kitchens, within which I remember to have sat on a bench in my childhood. About ten years afterwards he purchased, of an original settler, the contiguous farm, now called the Bryant Homestead, and having built beside a little brook, and not very far from a spring from which water was to be drawn in pipes, the house which is now mine, he removed to it with his family. The soil of this region was then exceedingly fertile, all the settlers prospered, and my grandfather among the rest. My father, a physician and surgeon, married his daughter, and after awhile came to live with him on the homestead. He made some enlargements of the house, in one part of which he had his office, and in this, during my boyhood, were generally two or three students of medicine, who sometimes accompanied my father in his visits to his patients, always on horseback, which was the mode of traveling at that time. To this place my father brought me in my early childhood, and I have scarce an early recollection which does not relate to it. On the farm beside the little brook, and at a short distance from the house, stood the district school-house, of which nothing now remains but a little hollow where was once a cellar. Here I received my earliest lessons in learning, except such as were given me by mother, and here when ten years old I declaimed a copy of verses composed by me as a description of a district school. The little brook which runs by the house, on the site of the old district school-house, was in after years made the subject of a little poem, entitled "The Rivulet." To the south of the house is a wood of tall trees clothing a declivity, and touching with its outermost boughs the grass of a moist meadow at the foot of the hill, which suggested the poem entitled, "An Inscription for the Entrance to a Wood."

In the year 1835, the place passed out of the family; and at the end of thirty years I re-purchased it, and made various repairs of the house and additions to its size. A part of the building which my father had added, and

which contained his office, had, in the meantime, been detached from it, and moved off down a steep hill to the side of the Westfield River. I supplied its place by a new wing, with the same external form, though of less size, in which is now my library.

The site of the house is uncommonly beautiful. Before it, to the east, the ground descends, first gradually, and then rapidly, to the Westfield River, flowing in a deep and narrow valley, from which is heard, after a copious rain, the roar of its swollen current, itself unseen. In the spring-time, when the frost-bound waters are loosened by a warm rain, the roar and crash are remarkably loud as the icy crust of the stream is broken, and the masses of ice are swept along by the flood over the stones with which the bed of the river is paved. Beyond the narrow valley of the Westfield the surface of the country rises again gradually, carrying the eye over a region of vast extent, interspersed with farmhouses, pasture grounds, and wooded heights, where on a shower day you sometimes see two or three different showers, each watering its own separate district; and in winter-time two or three different snow-storms dimly moving from place to place. The soil of the whole of this highland region is disintegrated mica slate, for the most part. It has its peculiar growth of trees, shrubs, and wild flowers, differing considerably from those of the eastern part of the State. In autumn, the woods are peculiarly beautiful with their brightness and variety of hues. The higher farms of this region lie nearly two thousand feet above tide-water. The air is pure and healthful; the summer temperature is most agreeable; but the spring is coy in her approaches, and winter often comes before he is bidden. No venomous reptile inhabits any part of this region, as I think there is no tradition of a rattlesnake or copperhead having been seen here.

Much of what I have said I take for granted you will not use; but I have thrown together what has occurred to me, that you may take from it whatever suits your purpose.

I am, madam,

Very truly yours,

W. C. BRYANT.

MRS. MARY E. DODGE.

HIGH TIDE.

Above, below,
Beryl and snow,

Mountains of beryl, drifts of snow.
In the drifts come, surging, breaking,

Maddest noise and thunder making,
While the rocks, no notice taking,

Silent all the while,

Stand and grimly smile.

Beyond, red-brown

Rocks stand and frown,

Stand with a fixed and ghastly frown;

Then the waves come rushing, roaring,

In each cleft and crevice pouring,

With each other striving, warring,

While the tide comes in,

With its fearsome din.

From cliff-tops high

The sea-gulls cry,

Their own unresting, mournful cry;

And the water boils and surges,

Singing loudest organ-dires,

When each wave its brother urges

From the depths below,

Onward in its flow.

CAROLINE M. HEWINS.

HOW TO CONVERSE PROFITABLY.

LETTER FROM MR. WESLEY TO MR. FLETCHER.

DEAR SIR: — I was told yesterday, that you are sick of the conversation even of those who profess religion; that you find it quite unprofitable, if not hurtful, to converse with them three or four hours together, and are sometimes almost determined to shut yourself up, as the less evil of the two.

I do not wonder at it at all, considering with whom you have conversed for some time past. The conversing with them I have rarely found to be profitable to my soul; rather it has damped my desires, and has cooled my resolutions, and I have commonly left them with a dry, dissipated spirit. And how can you expect it to be otherwise? For do we not naturally catch *their* spirit with whom we converse? I will go a step further. I seldom find it profitable to converse with any who are not athirst for full salvation, and who are not big with earnest expectation of receiving it at every moment.

You have, for some time, conversed a good deal with the genteel Methodists. Now it matters not a straw what doctrine they hear, if they are as salt which has lost its savor; if they are conformed to the maxims, the spirit, the fashions, and customs of the world. Certainly, then, if you converse much with such persons, you will return less a man than you were before.

But, were they of ever so excellent a spirit, you conversed with them too long. One had need to be an angel, not a man, to converse with them three or four hours at once to any good purpose. In the latter part of such a conversation, we shall be in great danger of losing all the profit we had gained before.

But have you not a remedy for all this in your hands? In order to converse profitably, may you not select a few persons who stand in awe of Him they love, — persons who are vigorously working out their salvation; who are athirst for full redemption, and every moment expecting it, if not already enjoying it?

Though, it is true, these will generally be poor and mean, seldom possessed of either riches or learning, unless there be, now and then, one of higher rank; if

you converse with such as these, humbly and simply, an hour at a time, with earnest prayer for a blessing, you will not complain of the unprofitableness of conversation, or find any need of turning hermit.

I am, your ever affectionate brother,

JOHN WESLEY.

THE CORNER-STONE of the whole debate on capital and labor was never better laid than in these few words of Wendell Phillips. Let him who readeth understand.

"LABOR, THE CREATOR OF WEALTH, IS ENTITLED TO ALL IT CREATES." — The man who with his hands digs clams out of the seashore, or climbing a tree gathers apples, or one who fashions a hoe out of hard wood, is a pure, simple *laborer*, and is entitled to what he gets or makes.

The man who makes such a hoe one day, and, working with it the next day, digs twice as many clams as when he used his hands alone, is *capitalist and laborer* united. He works with a *tool*, which is *capital*, the result of past labor. He, too, is an honest *laborer*, and entitled to all he gets.

The man who works a week, and makes ten such hoses — then joins nine less skilled men with himself, and they, the ten, share fairly the product of his hoses and their toil — introduces *co-operation* and a just civilization — a system which seems to hold within itself every possible safeguard against misuse, and to be full of the seeds of all good results.

The man who, having made such a hoe, lets it to another less skilled man to dig clams, receiving an equivalent for its use, is a *capitalist*. Such a system has no inherent, essential injustice in it; and, if it can be properly arranged and guarded, serves civilization. The difficulty is to guard it from degenerating into despotism and fraud.

The man who, getting possession of a thousand such hoses, sits, with idle hands, and no mental effort but selfish cunning, and arranges a cunning network of laws and corporations, banks and currency, interest and "corners," to get seven out of every ten clams that are dug, is a *drone*. We mean by an honest system to starve him out, and compel him to work.

The man who sits in Wall Street, and by means of bank credit, buys up all this year's clams to raise the price — who, taking fifty thousand honestly earned dollars, makes a "Clam Digging Company" — bribes newspapers to lie about it — creates ten banks and locks up gold, or arranges a corner, to depress its stock — then buys up every share — makes ten more banks and floods the land with paper, and sells out — retiring after a week of *such labor* with a fortune, he is a *thief*. Such thieves of the past we have had to leave undisturbed. Our plan is to make such thieves impossible in the future.

MINISTERIAL BLUES. — A young clergyman, while on a visit to his brother, also a clergyman, agreed to preach for him in the evening. Neither had been long in the ministry, and they had never heard each other preach. The pastor preached in the morning, and on returning from church his brother said to his wife, "Kate, I cannot preach this evening. While listening to my brother I felt that I had mistaken my calling. I cannot preach here to-night."

His wife tried to cheer and comfort him, but all through the afternoon he was much depressed; and grieving over her husband's distress she made known the cause to her sister. Rising above this despondency, however, in the evening he delivered a most excellent discourse — all the better, doubtless, for his sojourn in "the valley of humiliation" during the afternoon. But on the way home, after the evening service was ended, the host, who had listened, in his turn, to his brother was evidently suffering from a severe attack of ministerial blues — and it takes a young clergyman to have the genuine article. At last, unable to remain silent longer, he said to his wife, "Mary, I think I must give up preaching altogether, and go off somewhere into the backwoods out of sight, and become a farmer. After hearing my brother preach this evening, I don't think I can open my mouth again in public as a teacher." Can you wonder that his wife, who had heard the other, responded to her husband's jeremiad with a merry laugh, instead of the sympathy he had a right to expect. Even a woman, with all her proverbial reticence, could not be expected to enjoy so rich a treat alone. She repeated the story at the supper-table, and for that time, at least, banished the blues from both parties. — *Christian Union*.

I have been very much struck with the prevalence of the deliberate predatory wickedness of men in Chicago. I have been surprised at the utter insensibility of some men to the vast and terrible suffering which existed there. There are a great many persons who say that there cannot be a devil; that God is too good to have such a monster in the universe. I have only this to say: that if there is not a devil, there are some very good materials among men to make one out of; and that if God is too good to have a devil-in-chief, he is not so good but that he allows devils in detail. All the imaginations and fables of the monks put together do not equal or parallel the heinousness and deliberateness of the cruelty of the men who prey on their fellow-men under such circumstances as those creatures who follow the line of battle and stab the wounded soldiers that they may rob them of their money. You never see a great catastrophe that you do not see these fiends in human form creeping out of their lurking-places to evince how wicked wickedness can be, and how inhuman inhumanity can be. — *Henry Ward Beecher*.

for the Children.

THE STRANGE OLD BARK.

When the tide was low, and the evening mist
Crept down over cliff and cave,
And the sea-breeze moaned a dirge-like song
To the mournful beat of the wave,
Arose like a spectre, silent and dark,
The moulderings ribs of a strange old bark,
As if from an ocean grave.

'Twas a ghastly sight in the dim twilight,—
As the waves came gurgling near,
With sea-weed strung from each rusted bolt,
Like scalps on a chieftain's spear;
And brave was the lad, when day was o'er,
Who passed alone by that haunted shore,
Uchill'd by a nameless fear.

How it stole the glow from my boyish cheek,
When the night was wild and dark,
To sit by the pilot's knee and hear
Him tell of the strange old bark!
And years have passed, but oft to my mind,
With the hollow moan of the winter wind,
Came thoughts of the strange old bark.

C. HENRY ST. JOHN.

FRED'S FINGER.

Something was the matter with Fred's finger. Anybody who looked at him could see that. But the strangest thing about it was that Fred made no complaint. He tried to hide his finger, or if he saw any person looking at it, he smiled or whistled, or began to sing, pretending that it was not at all sore.

It was so very unlike Fred. One day when he was cutting a stick, he made a mistake and cut his finger instead. And O, what a noise there was! Everybody in the house heard the screams, and ran to see the cause. Fred held up his finger that all pitying eyes might see. His mother got a piece of linen rag and bound up the finger. But that was not enough for Fred.

He went to his sister. "Sophie," he said, with a tearful face, and in a dismal tone, "my finger is so bad that I must have my hand in a sling as Uncle Richard had when he broke his arm. So all the morning Fred went about looking as if some terrible accident had befallen him.

On another occasion as he was cracking a nut with a hammer, he gave his thumb a sharp rap, and a fine fuse there was then! The thumb had to be bathed, and bound up, and Fred professed to feel so ill in consequence of the pain that he could neither go to school nor study at home.

Had Fred suddenly grown brave? For now it was plain to see that there was a long deep scratch on his finger, and yet he bore it without sighing, or crying, or saying a word about it.

Fred's mother was very surprised. So was his sister Sophia. So was every one who noticed him at all.

At last his mother spoke to him.

"Fred, come to me."

"Yes, mamma, in a minute. I am so busy now."

Fred stooped down as if his boots wanted fastening, or there was something wrong with his feet. But I think it was to hide his blushes.

"Come, Fred, you must not be too busy to attend to me. What are you doing?"

"Nothing particular, mamma."

"What is the matter with your finger, Fred?"

"My finger, mamma?" Fred held up the hand that was not hurt, and looked at it. "I do not see anything the matter with either of these fingers."

"No, it is on your other hand."

Fred reluctantly lifted up his other hand, and revealed the long deep scratch upon it.

"O, I see! I suppose I have scratched it some how."

"You suppose, Fred? You know very well. It must have hurt you."

"O, no, mamma; at least not much."

"It is strange for you to make so light of a hurt, Fred."

"Please, mamma, what is the time?" asked Fred, wishing to change the subject of conversation.

"How did you hurt your finger, Fred?" asked his mother, who intended to find out the reason for his being so quiet about it.

"How did I hurt it, mamma? I think I scratched it."

"What with? A pin?"

"No, mamma, it was not a pin."

"What was it then?"

"I think it was a thorn, or something of that sort."

"Have you been blackberrying, Fred?"

"Yes, mamma."

"Then I suppose your finger was hurt by one of the prickly stems."

"Yes, mamma."

"But why did you say nothing about it? Your sister would have bound it up for you."

"It did not matter, mamma. Sophie was not near me."

"Did not you keep together?"

"Yes, but for a little time I was on the other side of the hedge."

Fred looked very uncomfortable, and as if he wished his mother would leave off asking him questions.

Just then his brother came in.

"Fred, how is your finger?" he said.

"All right," said Fred.

"I am sure it is not," said Henry. "It got a very ugly scratch I know; but it served you right, Fred."

"What do you know about it?"

"O, I happened to have climbed to the top of a high gate, so I sat there and watched you. Weren't they very sweet, Fred?"

Fred did not reply.

"It was too bad of you, Fred, and I shall not invite you to go out with our party again."

"I don't want to go," said Fred, looking ready to cry.

"What has been wrong?" asked their mother.

"We all went out to gather blackberries, mamma," said Henry, "and the agreement was that whoever found any ripe, should whistle or call the others. Well, Master Fred found some big beauties, quite ripe, and not very high up. And what do you think he did? Instead of calling to the rest, he picked and ate them himself as fast he could. I saw him put dozens in his mouth as I sat on that gate. He was so afraid that some one else would find him out, and have some as well as he, that when he heard voices he sprang up and caught hold of a branch that was full, and began to pluck the blackberries very quickly, and in doing so he scratched his finger. I am sure it was very bad, but of course he was ashamed to say anything about it, as he well might be."

"Is that true, Fred?"

"Yes, mamma," said Fred, looking and feeling very uncomfortable.

"I did not think you were such a selfish little boy. I am sure you must be quite ashamed of yourself."

"I am, mamma; I wish I had called the others. I have been miserable ever since."

"I hope it will teach you a lesson, Fred. Greedy persons are never happy; and if you try to keep all the good things to yourself, no one will think well of you. Besides, it was very unfair for you to act as you did. The others did not try to hide the best blackberries from you, and I am quite sure you would not have liked it if they had. You should do to others as you would like them to do to you. If you had done so to-day, you would most likely not have had a bad finger." — *Ezeh.*

SEEKING ANOTHER'S WEALTH.

"What is our lesson?" inquired Mrs. Berkleigh of her sons, Alfred and Wallace, one Sunday evening.

"Paul's first epistle to the Corinthians, tenth chapter and twenty-fourth verse," replied Alfred.

"Please read it."

"Let no man seek his own, but every man another's wealth."

"What do you understand by this verse, Alfred?" asked Mrs. Berkleigh.

"I think it means, that we must not let our neighbor get too proud when he has a great deal of money," answered Alfred.

"Do you agree with Alfred, Wallace?" was Mrs. Berkleigh's next question.

"No, mother, I do not," said Wallace.

"What reason have you?" asked Mrs. Berkleigh.

"I think there is another meaning to the word wealth," said Wallace.

"What makes you think so?" was the next inquiry.

"Because the word 'wealth' is printed in italics," replied Wallace.

"What can you make of that?" was Mrs. Berkleigh's next question.

"I have read that every word printed in italics was supplied by the translators. The arrangement of the language made the translators adopt this style."

"Have you looked after the meaning of the word 'wealth'?" That appears to be your stronghold."

"Yes, mother; I have found it to mean affluence, or abundance. I looked in two dictionaries, and found its meaning was the same."

"I said that wealth meant a great deal," said Alfred. "Does not a great deal of anything mean abundance, too, mother?"

"Yes, Alfred. But, my dear boy, it may mean an abundance of other things than perishable or earthly wealth. Did this occur to you, Wallace, when you were looking in the dictionaries?"

"I did not think of anything more than the meaning of the word, mother."

"Then your labor was not profitable. When you look at this verse in its spiritual meaning, that is, not having any connection with earthly matters, you will see that it strikes at the root of all selfishness. You ought to partake of the abundance, or wealth of the

joys and sorrows which may be the possessions of your neighbor. The Golden Rule may enlighten you, concerning the words of Paul we have been discussing. I will repeat it: 'Therefore, all things whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them; for this is the law and the prophets.' It is quite late, and we must retire. Good-night, and God be with you, boys."

"Good-night, mother."

A. E. M.

ENIGMA NO. 19.

I am composed of twenty-nine letters.

My 15, 11, 24, 6, 19, 13, 16, 23, 12, 14, is a great fact truth in human history.

My 13, 11, 20, is that of which no person should be guilty.

My 3, 11, 14, 2, 13, was one of the early Bishops of the Christian Church.

My 7, 19, 20, 29, 20, 5, 4, 13, is a condition of heart much to be desired.

My 1, 8, 12, 25, 20, was a noted English lord.

My 9, 22, 17, 20, is the name of a place mentioned in the Old Testament.

My 27, 28, 2, 21, 16, is a noted man in New England.

My 18, 20, 11, 26, 9, was once taken by Abraham for a sad purpose.

My whole is found among the teachings of our Saviour.

ANSWER TO ENIGMA, NO. 18.

Proverbs xxxiii. 4: "Labor not to be rich; cease from thine own wisdom."

BEAR WITH LITTLE ONES. — Children are troublesome at times, in asking questions, and should be taught not to interrupt conversation in company. But, this resolution being made, we question the policy of withholding an answer at any time from the active mind which must find so many unexplained daily and hourly mysteries. They who have either learned to solve these mysteries, or have become indifferent as to an explanation, are not apt to look compassionately enough upon this eager restlessness on the part of children to penetrate causes and trace effects. By giving due attention to these "troublesome questions," a child's truest education may be carried on. Have a little patience, then; and sometimes think how welcome to you would be an interpreter, if you were suddenly dropped into some foreign country, where the language was for the most part unintelligible to you, and you were bursting with curiosity about every strange object that met your eye.

The "Daughter of Heth," contains the following illustration of the sly, dry humor of a Lowland Scot: — The minister, Mr. Gillies, had reproved Peter for giving short day's work, as he "left off at sunset, while his neighbors were known to thresh their grain with candle light." "Weel, sir," said Peter, "gin ye want the corn flailed by cannill licht, I'll dae yer wull." Next day, at noon, Mr. Gillies was passing the barn, and hearing the sound of Peter's flail, he stepped in. A candle was burning on the top of a grain measure. "Why this folly and waste?" said Mr. Gillies, pointing to the candle. "Dinna ye mind, sir," said Peter, "that you want the corn threshed wi' cannill licht!" The minister replied, angrily, "Peter, you shall have no more candles." Some days after, Mr. Gillies was to set out on horseback to visit a sick parishioner. He requested Peter to saddle the horse. It was evening, and Peter, after remaining some time in the stable, led out the cow, saddled and bridled. "I wish I ha'ena make a mistak, sir," said Peter; "but since I've got nae cannill, it's no muckle wonder that I ha'e pit the saddle on the wrang beast."

An Iowa paper tells of a smart wife who helped her husband raise seventy acres of wheat. The way she helped him was to stand in the door and shake a broom at him when he sat down to rest.

SCIENTIFIC NOTES.

Prepared by Prof. W. North Rice.

It is intended to make this the first of a series of brief and desultory articles, the object of which will be to keep the readers of the HERALD informed in a general way, of the movements going on in the scientific world. Announcements of scientific discoveries, critical notions of discussions in scientific associations and periodicals, and reviews of scientific books, will form parts of our plan. In treating of subjects on which scientific opinion is now in a transitional state, we shall endeavor to seek that golden mean which avoids alike the excesses of the radical, and of the conservative. It will be our aim, in the words of Huxley, to set down only "that which any person may learn, with a fair prospect of having little to unlearn."

One or two articles may perhaps be most profitably devoted to the recent meetings of the British and the American Association for the Advancement of Science. Both of these great national associations hold their annual meetings late in the summer. Their object is to gather together men of science from all parts of the country, for comparison of views, and mutual encouragement in their chosen work. Of the papers read, some are of a special and technical character, detailing the results of original investigations; others are more general in their scope, sketching historically the progress of scientific research in various directions, and exhibiting the present status of the various sciences. Of this general charac-

ter are usually the addresses of the presidents of the two Associations, and in the British Association the addresses of the presidents of the sections devoted to the various departments of science. Of the two meetings, the British was first in time and in importance, and shall first receive our attention. The attendance at the British Association is reckoned by thousands; that at the American only by hundreds; and, though there are in the ranks of the American Association men of whom any nation might be proud, the aggregation of talent is vastly greater in the British.

The British Association met in Edinburgh, under the presidency of Sir William Thomson. The inaugural address was naturally occupied chiefly with physics, that being the department in which the President has achieved his fame. The revelations of the spectroscope received, of course, prominent notice. Nothing in the whole history of science seems so perfectly magical as the discoveries which have followed the employment of that instrument. If a beam of solar light is passed through a narrow slit, and then decomposed by a prism, the colored spectrum is seen to be interrupted by dark lines. When the light of an incandescent gas is treated in a similar manner, generally a few bright lines are seen instead of the rainbow-colored spectrum. When the light of an incandescent solid, liquid, or highly condensed gas is experimented upon, the colored spectrum is continuous, there being no dark lines. When such light is passed through a gas not incandescent before it falls upon the prism, dark lines are produced in precisely that part of the field in which the same gas if incandescent would produce bright lines. Each chemical element is found to produce its own system of lines more or less numerous, and bright or dark, according to circumstances. Many of the lines observed in the solar spectrum are found to correspond precisely with those produced by known elements in the manner already indicated. Such are the facts on which the method of spectroscopic investigation is founded—all which facts are capable of intelligible explanation in connection with modern theories of molecular motions. To the chemist the spectroscope has given a new method of analysis, which, besides other results of great importance, has brought to light elements before unknown. To the astronomer it has given some knowledge of the chemical and physical constitution of sun, and star, and nebula. Still more recently it has been discovered that the spectroscope may reveal the fact of motion of the luminous body relative to the observer. This depends upon a principle which may be readily explained as a corollary of the undulatory theory of light. By this means may be determined the direction and force of currents in the atmosphere of the sun. The motions of the fixed stars may also be thus detected. Sirius is found to be receding from the solar system at the rate of about thirty miles per second.

Spectroscopic observation of the sun has demonstrated the falsity of Mayer's theory, that the solar heat and light are maintained by showers of meteors—a theory which had already been shown in other ways to be extremely improbable. This meteoric theory was itself meteor-like in the suddenness with which it flashed before the world and then disappeared. Remarkably brilliant as a speculation, it at once attracted universal attention, and found many adherents. Although false, it was an anticipation of the true theory in its recognition of the mechanical force of gravitation as the source of solar heat and light, an idea which is embodied in that phase of the nebular theory now almost universally adopted. One of the most important achievements of the spectroscope is the complete establishment of the nebular theory. After a number of nebulae had been resolved into stars by the telescope of Lord Rosse, it appeared not unlikely that a still further increase of optical power might resolve them all. That question is now, however, settled in the negative. While some of the nebulae give spectra like those of the sun and stars, others give only the bright lines which proceed from incandescent gases.

In view of the superstitious terror which comets have always excited, and the anxious cogitations of many as to the fearful results of a collision between such a body and our earth, it is quite startling to be assured by Sir Wm. Thomson that we dash through the tail of one comet in August, and of another in November of each year. It appears from recent investigations, that there are rings or belts of small planetary bodies revolving around the sun. When the earth in its orbit passes through one of these belts, the resulting phenomenon is a shower of meteors, such as occurs in August and November of each year. When the earth passes through certain parts of the belt in which the little planets are more densely crowded, the result is an extraordinary shower of meteors, such as occurs in November once in thirty-three years. The densest part of one of these belts may be visible under favorable circumstances, as

the head of a comet. And a portion of the less dense part of the belt, illuminated by the sunlight, may be visible as the tail of the comet.

In the conclusion of his address, Sir Wm. Thomson quits the field of his triumphs and his fame, and makes a somewhat unfortunate attempt in the province of biology. The question of spontaneous generation he considers settled forever in the negative. "I confess," he says, "to being deeply impressed by the evidence put before us by Professor Huxley, and I am ready to adopt, as an article of scientific faith, true through all space and through all time, that life proceeds from life, and from nothing but life." We remark, in passing, that no one could be farther from adopting or advocating the above "article of scientific faith" than Prof. Huxley. He, in common with many philosophic naturalists, believes it probable that life has been naturally produced from non-living matter, though Bastian, Child, and others are mistaken in supposing that this has taken place in their experimental flasks and tubes. But the conservative school of biologists will sustain Thomson's article of faith, though in opposition to Huxley. Thomson next adduces the well-known geological fact, that there was a time when the earth's surface was in such a condition that no life could exist upon it. Whence, then, the origin of the first forms of life? The startling theory is then enunciated, that some time after the earth had become fitted for the abode of life, it came into collision with a somewhat smaller orb already inhabited. The smaller craft was shattered, but a portion of the freight and passengers was landed on board the earth. In this manner the earth received some living creatures, eggs, or seeds. Sir William believes one such catastrophe to be sufficient. Life once existing on the earth, he is led by the general "doctrine of continuity" to account for the origin of the various specific forms of life by the theory of evolution, though he does not adopt the Darwinian form of that theory. We have been somewhat loth to believe that this meteoric theory was intended for anything more than a joke; for, though such a joke did not well befit the occasion, that seems to us the most favorable construction to put upon this portion of the address. A scientific hypothesis, supported by no historical or observational evidence, can be entitled to our attention only by intrinsic elements of plausibility. An hypothesis which is analogous in principle and harmonious in tendency with theories already proved, or probable in other departments of investigation, and which is capable of serving as a guide to profitable modes of research, and thus leading to new discoveries, such an hypothesis is worthy of attention, though supported by little or no direct evidence. Such an hypothesis is that of the origin of life from inorganic matter, an hypothesis intrinsically plausible though supported by no direct evidence whatever. But Thomson's meteoric theory is a mere make-shift. It teaches nothing, it explains nothing; it only evades the question which a true theory of the origin of life will perhaps sometime answer—the question of the nature of life, and of the relation of non-living to living matter. That question the scientific world is bound fairly to face. We may confess that its solution is at present beyond our power. Perhaps it may ever remain beyond our power. A frank confession of ignorance is consistent with the spirit of the true philosopher, but not an hypothesis which is merely evasive.

Our Book Table.

PROPHETIC IMPERIALISM, or The Prophetic Entail of Imperial Power, by Joseph L. Lord. Hurd & Houghton. Pp. 96. A vivid tractate this, on a very taking theme. The author, a lawyer, approaches the prophecies of Daniel from a new point of view. He reads there the grant of sovereignty over the Jews to the Gentiles, first to Nebuchadnezzar, and then to the successive governments set forth in the Image. This sovereignty, he claims, has not yet ceased. It was as complete as that given to Adam, and even more so, even as that promised to Christ. Adam was only given authority over the earth; Nebuchadnezzar over the children of Adam. He and his followers in sovereignty are to keep it till Christ comes, whose right it is. He thinks the dispensation of the Holy Ghost is not the reigning of Christ, and hence his system shows weakness. He quotes Peter's words on the Day of Pentecost: "Therefore [the Son of Man] be by the right hand of God exalted, and having received of the Father the promise of the Holy Ghost, He [the Son of Man] hath shed forth this which ye now see and hear." This, he thinks, is the proclamation of the incoming of the Holy Ghost. It seems to us much more. It is the proclamation of the Sovereignty of Christ? Who sheds forth this? The Son of Man, as Mr. Lord confesses. If Gen. Grant orders Judge McLean to judge the Mormons, is not that Gen. Grant judging them? "Qui facit per alium, facit per se." The Dispensation of the Holy Ghost is the Kingdom of Christ. If not, then another kingdom, not of the Gentiles, and not of Christ, is set up between the two, whereof no prophecy is given, which must also be destroyed by the brightness of His coming, as a hostile kingdom.

The fact is, that Christ assumed the sovereignty on His resurrection. The Holy Spirit one with Christ, is simply Christ exercising His sovereignty. He proceeded to break in pieces the Gentile Imperialism, the Image. Esquire Lord thinks the toes are ten fragments of this Gentile imperialism, seen in the present European dynasties. But if these dynasties be Christian, accept Christ as their King, and put His cross on their banners, how can they be said to be the remnant of that Nebuchadnezzar imperialism? His essay breaks down here hopelessly. Christ must be the Head of nations. America today, though republican in government, is in more danger of rejecting Him than England. It will reject Him, if it pretends that its government is not subject to Him, and too carefully excludes Him from its Constitution and laws.

That Christ is to come visibly in the clouds of heaven, no Christian doubts; that He is to dwell forever on this renewed earth, is not read by every believer in God's Word. He can rule through His ministers, be they kings or priests, as easily as He rules through His Spirit, or through other media at His command. The book is more valuable for its first idea, than for its conclusion.

The Bibliotheca Sacra has several unusually able papers. Prof. Stevens discourses on the "Iliad," and other prehistoric books. Prof. Barrows continues his lengthy series of papers on "Revelation and Inspiration." In this article he discusses inspiration, which he seems to think a permanent state of the apostolic and co-apostolic writers, and to include their speaking as well as writing—a position that will hardly explain Peter's double-facedness in the matter of communion with Gentiles, John and James's ambition, the quarrel of Paul and Barnabas, and quite a number of like evidences of imperfection. Are Peter's epistles subject to Peter's inconsistent talk and conduct? for if his speech was always inspired, so was his conduct. Their speech in crises-hours was inspired, the Holy Ghost telling them in that hour what they should speak, a very verbal inspiration. So in crises-writings, which are the Holy Scriptures, they are alike verbally inspired. He inclines to dodge this root question, and so makes his prolix discourse both more prolix and more unsatisfactory. Prof. Bascom writes very ably on "Instinct." It is the best refutation of Darwinism or Spencerism that we have seen. He shows that there are three powers of action of animal beings, nervous and unconscious, as breathing, digestion, those arising from appetite, and other physical passions, fear, affection, etc., united with memory, and those of thought. The first all have; the second all but men have; and the last belongs to men alone. He examines all theories and evidences of "brute-reasoning," and reduces them to his second formula, memory, and a physical training. He thinks the bee and spider may have a fine barometric organism, which makes them observe the weather in their wanderings and webs; declares that domestic animals never grow in intelligence because of their communion with man, but often lose in power because necessity of depending on themselves is withdrawn. He answers the story that a fox, crawling into a henry by a small hole, and eating too much hen, could not crawl out, feigned itself dead, and when the owner came to cast it out, was up and off, by asking why he who knew so much, did not know enough not to eat too much—a question he might have asked of man, who could as naturally fall into that temptation. He does better in denying the story, and declaring the fox in a real syncope, perhaps through fear, perhaps through gluttony, from which the blow on the ground recovered him. Prof. Harris talks broadly on the "Kingdom of Christ," showing how it consists with the highest reason, is miraculous, involves revelation, and expresses the highest power of God. Prof. Park gives his best essay on how and when to prepare sermons, full of point, and garrulous with a wise age. Polonius was never shrewder. He must get these essays into a book. We shall make extracts at length. After urging much observance of rule, though almost all his choice examples defy rule, he says of a writer of sermons, and much more of a preacher, that "if he feels his oneness with his Redeemer, he will have an essentially good sermon, even if he violates the directions which are given for his physical and intellectual discipline." Prof. Forbes, of Aberdeen, defends his theology against Dr. Fiske, who thought it was too Calvinistic, but whose substitute is equally defective in the balance and proportion of truth.

It notices Whedon's Romans as "written in a perspicuous, precise, and forcible style." It gives his view of the infant's relation to the Atonement, the well-known Methodist view, and asks questions on this theory, "Why do children die before they have committed actual sin? How can we account for the fact that they all sin, if before they sin they are in a state of grace and justification?" To which it may be answered: They die for the same reason that Christians die after they are brought into a state of justification from conscious sin. Infants are born in both Adam and Christ, as conscious Christians are aware of the presence and power of both the fallen Adam and delivering Christ. They sin precisely as Christians sin after justification. Will *The Bibliotheca* give any reasons why transgression and death should happen to a regenerated man? If so, it will give a reason why it should happen to a justified babe.

New Publications Received.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS.	PUBLISHERS.	FOR SALE BY
Foot-prints of Roger Williams, Saving Faith, Chamberlayne, Katie Johnston's Library, Aunt Deborah's Library, The Seymours, The Anti-Imperialism, Lord Overcoming Underwood, The Jewish Temple, Dale, Lectures on Satan, McRae, Religious Magazine, A Home Journal, Proctor, The Half-Century Hall, Louis Philippe, Abbott, The Prey of the Gods, Marryatt, My Wife and I, Blackwood's Magazine, Country and Suburban Houses, Canterbury, London, Merry's Museum, Autobiography of Cartwright, Strickland, Richard Landmark, Harris, Mountain Adventures, Headley, Hidden Power, Burnett,	Nat. Temp. Soc. Hurd & Houghton. W. C. Palmer. Gould & Lincoln. L. C. Bowles. Osgood & Co. Marshall. Harpers. A. Williams. J. B. Ford & Co. Lee & Shepard. Scott.	Carlton & Lanahan. J. P. Magee. " " " " " " Nat. Temp. Soc. Hurd & Houghton. W. C. Palmer. Gould & Lincoln. L. C. Bowles. Osgood & Co. Marshall. Harpers. A. Williams. J. B. Ford & Co. Lee & Shepard. Scott.
	Judd & Co. H. B. Fuller & Co.	" "
	Carlton & Lanahan. Scribner & Co.	" "
	A. Martien.	" "

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THE HERALD.

BOSTON, NOVEMBER 9, 1871.

TERMS, \$2.50 per year. Clergymen, \$2—in advance.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.—All leaded articles, not credited to other journals, are original.

Every article must be accompanied by the name of the author, for the use of the editor, not for publication.

Articles published with the names of the authors are not necessarily expressive of the views of this journal.

Will each subscriber be kind enough to look at the figures on his paper, and if it has not been paid to Jan. 1, 1872, he will confer a favor by forwarding the amount due. If some should receive bills, they will please consider it a gentle reminder of their indebtedness.

When any person wishes his paper discontinued he must pay all arrearages, or the paper may continue to be sent until payment is made, for the subscriber is legally bound for the whole amount, whether it is taken from the office or not.

Any person wishing the direction of his paper changed, should give the name of the place where it has been sent, as well as the name of the place where he wishes it to be sent. The list is kept by towns, and it is important that the above directions be complied with.

THE WEAKNESS OF IMITATION

Was never more clearly exhibited than in the late attempt, of what Dr. Bellows proudly accepts as its true title, the "Boston Theology," to follow in the footsteps of its orthodox senior. For two years the Congregationalists have sustained with ability a series of doctrinal discourses on Christian themes. The shadow follows the sun, and so this year its shadow appears, and the "Boston Theology" comes to the front, with its series of lectures. Dr. Bellows began them two weeks ago, and loudly commends them in *The Liberal Christian*. Of course he had a large house Sunday evening and Monday afternoon, this repetition, both in time and circumstance, being precisely after its orthodox copy.

The ministers and the ladies always like to hear the eloquent New Yorker, who says less and says it better, than any man of his tribe. He gently bowed orthodoxy out of its throne, as the shadow streaming after the midday sun might graciously inform that luminary that it need no longer shine, since the shadow itself was able to afford that luminous luxury, according, at least, to the desire of its devotees, those who love darkness rather than light.

The next week, Athanase Coquerel, *sils*, or jr., as the English puts it, took his stand in the King's Chapel pulpit, a truly Gallic cock, short, stout, round-headed, gray-bearded, full-faced, with a French accent, and a pleasant vivacity of manner. His theme was "Romanism and Protestantism." His discourse was chiefly a portrayal of the former's Italian character. He began by saying the world is full of changes, one of which he exhibited in commencing his religious services without a sword of prayer. Romanism, the only Church that avowed its changelessness, was feeling these throes of change. He discussed its character, as derived from its city, cruel, harsh, born to rule, obedient to law, respectful of tradition, without imagination, and excessively literal. He illustrated these points by apt facts, drawn from the Church in Rome, such as the Pope's calling himself High Pontiff, because it was the sacred title of the chief of Rome for a thousand years before he became its sovereign. The worship of the Bambino doll, and the evil eye, were also used to illustrate its superstition.

He claimed that Rome was western, did not believe in figures, and robes, and display. Christianity was eastern, which did not believe in anything else. Yet he did not explain how it happens that Rome being occidental, which abjures robes, and rainbows around its head, and prefers black clothes, fitting closely the body, should itself be the most ornamental of religions, surpassing the Greek in the voluptuousness of its array, and service, and temples. Nor did he explain how it happens that the New Testament, though written by Orientals, is of the clearest, coldest, most colorless type of occidental literature. He spoke of Christ saying, "I am the real vine," as an oriental image. How about the poem of that Gospel, its first fourteen verses? Are not they clear, and cool, and western? He also failed to see that the first worshipers of dolls, dropped from heaven were not Romans, but Ephesians, and more oriental peoples, and that the evil eye is more feared in Cairo and Calcutta, to-day, than in Rome. The address was poorly fitted to an American audience, it being confined to a portrayal of Romish absurdities, rather than

the great underlying and overtopping principles involved in the conflict between Rome and the true Church. He could not portray it, for it was evident that a knowledge of this Church, and its faith, was hidden from his eyes. His Christian name, Athanasius, is but a palimpsest, as he said Romanism itself was, a faith written over a heathen faith, and not obscuring that which it supersedes. To give the name of Athanasius to an Arian was a curious specimen of this intermixture, save that in this case the name was obliterated in the nature, and the earnest defender of Christ, our God and Saviour, seemed to be calling this wearer of his name as a baptismal gift, back to the fullness of faith, which that gift signified when it entered his family.

The addresses show that the true faith, now and ever, need fear nothing from its foes. Dr. Bellows' anticipations are poorly grounded, that orthodox theology is to be overtaken and outstripped in this stern chase. The courses delivered under the auspices of the Congregational Club, and by the Methodist Theological Seminary, grappling as they do with the greatest problems of society, of man, of God, of the eternities before us, of heaven and hell, these overpowering themes will still shine on, mighty suns, will stride on the strength and majesty of God, while all their opponents shall creep beneath, "and find themselves dishonorable graves."

TRUE WORDS TO WOMAN SUFFRAGISTS.

Judge Pitman spoke as wisely on the Woman Suffrage as on the Prohibition question. In response to a letter from the Woman Suffrage Committee, he wrote:

BOSTON, Oct. 24, 1871.

Mr. Henry B. Blackwell, Cor. Sec. Massachusetts Woman Suffrage Association :—

DEAR SIR :—Your note of date the 18th inst., reached me yesterday.

You ask officially, on behalf of your Association, my views on the subject of Woman Suffrage. Having given this question "a most careful and respectful consideration," more years ago than I care to recall, I was quite prepared to record my vote in 1869 among the nine Senators, who for the first time had the honor of giving their votes in favor of an Amendment of the Constitution of Massachusetts, placing female suffrage upon an exact equality with male. To my record, and to my public utterances I refer all persons interested in my views.

You allude in your note to the fact that upon this matter "the Prohibition platform is silent." I frankly confess to a regret that it is so. Silence is better than evasive platitudes, but the Convention, in my judgment, should have spoken decisively upon the right side. No persons should be quicker than the friends of Temperance to perceive that woman is the best ally of any cause which stands for the comfort, the safety, and purity of home. I think the vast majority of the Prohibition party do see this, and are ready, individually, to welcome female suffrage as an added force for good in the Commonwealth. But I can conceive how many friends of your movement, overcautious though I deem them, might hesitate in laying the foundation of a new party to offend the earnest convictions of a minority. It was very much harder to do it because of the marked want of sympathy of some of your own leaders with any phase of the Temperance movement, and the careful refusal of your own conventions to express for our cause the sympathy which you ask us for yours.

For myself, I am a firm believer in the brotherhood of all true reforms, and gratefully recognize the fact that you are working for us, even when you know it not. But your greatest, I might say your only serious obstacle is the indifference of woman herself to your movement. To overcome this, you need to appeal more emphatically to her moral nature. Show her what she is to do in the political battle against the powers of evil, and with all the force of her womanly instinct to succor and to help, she will hasten to use for others' sake the ballot she does not now prize for her own.

Very respectfully yours,

ROBERT C. PITMAN.

This is plain talk, and true. Rev. Mr. Trafton's declaration that the Woman Suffrage Convention declined to endorse Prohibition, did much to prevent the Prohibition Convention from endorsing Woman Suffrage. But his best plea is his last, that the Woman Suffragists must give the public moral reasons for the woman's ballot in urging moral reforms.

Lowell says of Percival's knowledge of many languages: "The power to express nothing in ten different languages, is something to be dreaded rather than admired. It gives a horrible advantage to dullness." So, if the woman's ballot only means the adding of 150,000 muscleless voters to the Massachusetts mass, and 5,000,000 more to the nation's, we may well hesitate before we add to the "horrible dullness," and worse. The need of woman's vote must be shown by the urgency of its advocates to-day, in demanded political regeneration.

How indifferent many of them are to the cause of Prohibition, is painfully evident. We once drafted resolutions for a Woman Suffrage Convention, urging the ballot because of its help in this reform, and they were read by the managers of the Convention over their lunch of steaks and wine, and laughed gently under the

table. The New England advocates do not thus treat like resolves, but they do not treat them much better. They do not press them upon their conventions, nor in their speeches and writings. They would do well to heed Judge Pitman's wise suggestions.

THE FOLLY OF BOSTON

In the erection of its public buildings is always revealing itself. With the finest public ground in the country around which to plant its public buildings, it hides them away in mean back holes. The City Hall, a bit of the Tuilleries, is put, unlike that structure, on a narrow street, with a small paved walk in its front, of less than a hundred feet deep. There is no possible way to get at its effect, except at the risk of dislocating the neck. The new Post-office, a structure that is to cost a million or more, is in even a worse situation. It is on three narrow, close streets; the one in front of it being half widened and half not, with old buildings to jut into the street and prevent an even frontage. The Court-House is between two alleys, used as express offices, being too poorly located for any valuable business, with a street in front of it, alike narrow and crowded, leaving, fortunately, no chance for it to reveal its Yankee longitude of ugliness.

This is to be removed, it is said, into Pemberton Square, a yet more secluded enclosure, where no one can see it except the few lawyers that haunt that retired spot, or it is to be put on the old reservoir grounds behind the State House, a steep and hidden, and utterly unfit position.

This perpetual seeking for mean locations is all the worse, when we have a central place superior for such service to any like spot in London, New York, Philadelphia, or any other large city but Paris. The State detected this spot, and planted its building on it, making it one of the best placed capitols in America. The Masons detected it years ago, and put their edifice there, and reput their successor there. It should have been the location of the Post-office. The United States would do a good deed for itself, and all the future of Boston if it would now take down the stone of its half-built building, even the corner-stone, which the grand worthy patriarch, or what not, blessed and planted, and pronounced just right by level and plumb, and which was then duly and properly reset by the real master Mason, who wears no regalia, and uses no mummery, but who understands his business. Let them buy the "Harris Folly," or the Park Street Church, and the buildings about it, and put their costly and elegant structure where it will delight every eye. It is near enough business, which will inevitably absorb all that section to itself, and it is where ladies can go, which they cannot do now, in its hideous hole.

Let the Court-House, too, join with the United States Court, buy out the St. Paul's Church, unite it with their present United States Court-House, and erect a building such as shall honor that grand promenade. Boston Common is to be enclosed with business. One side is already appropriated. Park Street will soon follow, then Beacon Street will accept its fate. Already orders are given to open a store on that most fashionable street. The whole face of it should be appropriated to handsome structures, and chief among them should be the public buildings of the city. We entreat Gen. Burt to make a change now. He can sell the Water St. property for more than the Ticknor and the Union Club House properties will cost, and can transfer his splendid structure to the best place in the city for its position. Let the Court-House come to the Common. The barristers can "babble o' green fields" in their pleas, and refresh their weary platitudes with nature's charms.

No other city has equal advantages, no one uses them so little. They should be employed at once. They are central, beautiful, striking. Can they not be put to their proper use?

NEW ENGLAND FEMALE MEDICAL COLLEGE.

We have received a copy of the twenty-third annual report of the above-named institution, from which we gather the following items of information :

The college was opened in 1848, and is, therefore, the first institution of the kind in the world, and in Boston the great movement for the medical education of women had its origin. Eighty-three women have been through the required three years' course, and graduated, and over two hundred others have had the benefit of a partial course. Though the main object is the education of women as physicians, the lectures are open to all young women who wish to obtain a knowledge of anatomy, physiology, and health, for their own benefit, or domestic usefulness, or wish to improve their qualifications as teachers in public schools, or as nurses of the sick. One of the graduates is assistant physician in the State Almshouse at Tewksbury; a number are employed in hospitals; one is resident physician in the

Vassar Female College, and another in the Mount Holyoke Female Seminary.

The college began without means, and has had to maintain a constant struggle against obstacle and opposition; but by the efforts of its managers, the aid of its friends, and the blessing of Providence, it has been sustained, and is now in possession of permanent funds and real estate to the amount of \$90,000. In addition to this, it is hereafter to receive about \$30,000 by provisions in wills that have been left. Such success indicates good management, efficient effort, and a good cause.

A new college building was erected last year, on the square of 40,000 feet of land owned by the institution, on East Concord Street, by the side of the City Hospital, — Measrs. Standish and Woodbury being the contractors for the mason work, and Jonas Fitch & Co. for the carpenter work. It is a handsome and commodious edifice, constructed of fine-faced brick, and trimmed with white Concord granite; and is admirably adapted for the purposes of the institution. Its cost was \$37,212.85; of which the sum of \$10,212.85 has been paid, and mortgage notes have been given to the contractors for the remaining \$27,000. To clear off this mortgage, to grade up fence, and improve the grounds, to provide additional apparatus, and furniture, and meet all existing liabilities of the institution, will require the sum of \$50,000. This amount will render the college, on its present basis of expenses, self-sustaining; and the trustees earnestly appeal to the wealthy and benevolent to furnish means of placing the institution in so desirable a position. We hope that some who may read this article will generously respond to the appeal.

The following paragraph from the report, indicates some of the struggles through which the enterprise has passed: —

"The first lectures (in 1848) were delivered in a parlor of a private house in Franklin Street. The school was soon invited to a house occupied by one of its students, on Hanover Street. It next went, on a similar invitation, to a house on Barton Street; and then to one on Washington Street, near Central Court. Thus for two years it was of a migratory character, like a country schoolmaster boarding round in the families of his scholars. In 1850, Dr. Winslow Lewis being about to go to Europe to spend a couple of years, the managers took a lease of his house, at the foot of the Common, on the corner of Boylston and Pleasant Streets. This was regarded as an advantageous arrangement. The eminent physician and surgeon was friendly to the project; and admitting the school to his own private residence, and allowing it the use of his large and valuable library, gave it a sort of endorsement, — a matter of no small moment, in that struggling period of infancy. After leaving the foot of the Common, the college took rooms up two flights of stairs, at 274 Washington Street, where it continued till 1859, when it removed to the building on Springfield Street now occupied as the Home for Aged Men. There it remained till 1862, when it removed to house number 21 East Canton Street; and lastly, on the 2d of November, 1870, it entered upon the occupancy of the new college building. Thus, after wandering more than half as long as the children of Israel in their weary journeyings, temporary abiding, and hostile encounters, it has reached the promised land and a fixed habitation."

PHYSICIAN, HEAL THYSELF. — *The Revolution* has passed into new hands, and into a new atmosphere. Though it has never fallen as low as the two other Woman Suffrage sheets of New York city, one of which is a very dirty sheet which greatly needs washing, but which would come to pieces in the washing, we fear, it has in a degree sympathized with their vile and socialistic horrors. Rev. W. F. Clarke takes charge of it, and begins his career by hauling down what Mrs. Livermore calls "the filthy rag of free-love," and hoisting the holy white banner of Christian marriage and Christian society. It has two editorials on marriage and suffrage, in which it denounces all violations of the strictest law of marriage, and all attempts to foist this devil of free-love on that cause. It says: —

"The attempt of certain parties to fasten the odium of Free-Loveism upon the Woman Suffrage movement deserves a more stinging rebuke than we know how to administer. Were those who make the accusation sincere in their convictions we should gladly bear with their stupidity, and try to convince them of their mistake. But they know better. They are perfectly well aware that the enfranchisement of woman and the abolition of marriage are two entirely distinct and totally unrelated propositions, having nothing whatever to do with each other. They know that the great majority of women who are working for the enfranchisement of their sex believe in the sacredness of marriage, and would sooner die than lift a finger to imperil a relation which is more important in its bearings on society, more intimately associated with human welfare and progress, and more precious in its responsibilities and joys to the individuals who enter truly into it, than any other on earth. Indeed, they demand the ballot in order that they may increase the sanctions of the marriage relation, and throw new safeguards around the home which is the centre of every true woman's world."

These latter words express the conviction of every

advocate of Woman Suffrage in New England, so far as we know them, Mrs. Howe, Stone, Livermore, and Freeman Clarke, Gov. Claffin, Henry Wilson, Judge Pitman, General Butler, Dr. Loring, Warrington, and the scores of ministers that approve of the movement. But it is not right for *The Revolution* to blame the opponents of Woman Suffrage with attempting "to fasten the odium of Free-Loveism on the Woman Suffrage movement." They are not the ones that deserve its "stinging rebuke." It is fastened on it by the New York Woman Suffragists themselves. Mrs. Cady Stanton has traveled the whole country preaching this "odious" stuff to great crowds. Miss Anthony is almost equally prominent in this sinful speech, while these are lost sight of in the brilliant words of Mr. Tilton, who shines among his fallen associates of the Woodhull, Claffin, and Andrew's school, as Faust shone in the brothels and drink-hells into which the devil had led him, among the low brained and gross-hearted men and women with whom he consorted. *The Golden Age*, of which Mr. Clarke is one of the editors, in its chief editorials, and in the chief articles of its chief, unites Free-love and Suffrage. Mr. Tilton has never denied Mr. Greeley's declaration, which is substantially "whatever others may think, you and I believe that Woman Suffrage means free-love." Nay, he almost invariably puts them together. We are glad to see any break in the New York line from this false and vile communion. We hope *The Revolution* will administer its "stinging rebukes" to *The Golden Age* for its persistent attempt "to fasten the odium of Free-loveism on this reform," until that able sheet is purged of this iniquity and of its infidelity, and shall preach the faith it now so zealously labors to destroy.

The Pacific Advocate, Portland, Oregon, tells this pleasant tale, which shows that if we take the wings of the morning or evening, and dwell in the uttermost parts of the earth and sea, even there shall the hand of the Redeemer lead us, and His right hand shall guide us: —

"The special services at the Taylor Street Methodist Episcopal Church in this city have been continued for more than three weeks, day and night, with results calling for gratitude and praise. Up to this time forty-eight conversions have been reported, while the spirituality, life, and power of Church-members have been very greatly increased. Among the converted were three sailor boys from England, who since their ship has been in port, have been constant attendants at the meeting. They soon became earnest seekers of religion, and on Wednesday evening last all of them were among the happily converted. It is pleasant to think that these noble-looking young men, as they go back with a ship-load of Oregon wheat to the shores of Old England, will also go with their own hearts richly freighted with Divine grace, prepared to tell 'the pleasing story' to parents and friends, that in far distant Oregon they 'found Him of whom Moses in the law, and the prophets did write, even Jesus of Nazareth.' Results like these should encourage the people of God to stand by their pastor, and hold up his hands in all this work of God."

Mr. Sears, speaking of the D. D. proposed to him and Mr. Alger, says, in *The Religious Monthly*, that his Alma Mater has given him a D. D., but as he has long since left off the "Rev.," he dropped the latter letters. He is like Prae's famous enigma, in being reft of both extremities: —

"A dragon's tail is flayed to warm
A headless maiden's heart."

Being without beginning or end, he goes back contentedly to his mother's gift, "Edmund," perhaps softened to his mother's brevity of love, if not of wit, "Eddy." Mr. Sears is a good writer, and deserves a D. D. as much as anybody, or a "reverend" either, since it is blasphemy to call any one *learned* in divinity, and pretty near it to call many teachers of religion, "reverend." Spurgeon has abandoned that for Pastor. Perhaps Mr. Sears will exchange it for Editor, or Writer, or Teacher, or Preacher. If he pays his money, he can take his choice.

It is a curious proof of the Scripture truth, that the Republican Convention never once recognized the man that killed Butler. The papers commended the Messrs. Hoar, Dawes, Rice, and other prominent men, but said not a word about "Warrington," and yet nobody knows better than all these leaders, except Gen. Butler himself, that but for "Warrington" they would have been completely overthrown. He only had the pluck, over his own signature, to defy the General. He had the persistence to organize victory out of defeat. He compelled Sumner and Wilson to yield a reluctant objection. He decreed the nomination of the two best men in the party, to carry out his measures at the head of the Convention, and the only important Committee, that on Credentials. It was this poor wise man who delivered

wise man. Though his labors were of no practical account, it not making a hair's difference in respect to any principle at stake whether Butler or "Warrington" governs the State, still the men whom the latter saved, ought to have recognized their leader, as much as the men whom the former marshalled, recognized him in defeat as well as they would in victory. As Mr. Washburn is said to be worth several hundred thousand dollars, and Messrs. Rice, Jewell, Hoar, Dawes, and others, whom he saved from being shelved, are not poor, we suggest they do not wait till he is dead, as Gov. Andrew's friends unwisely did, but follow the example set them by Webster's friends, who did not help them to office, or keep them in, as "Warrington" has his. Let them make up a gift of \$100,000 to the only man that has prevented the Republican leaders from being pushed from their stools in Massachusetts.

The Southern Christian Advocate suggests a distinction with a difference between the Chicago and some Southern burnings: —

"It is, indeed, a dreadful visitation, and excites our warmest sympathy, our tenderest pity. How thankful should the sufferers be, that it was no worse — that it was not in the dead of winter — that there were no brutal soldiers standing by to snatch the remnants of their clothing and food out of the hands of fleeing women and children, and throw them back into the flames, or to help on the work of destruction by scattering firebrands, or to aggravate the horrors of the fire by profane and ribald jests and mocking insults. These things have been — and, perhaps, some of these very persons now involved in this great ruin, have seen them perpetrated in the South, not long since. If any of them witnessed barbarities without sympathy for the sufferers, they will never do it again. The fire must have burned into their hearts a new lesson of humility — if any of them needed to learn it. And it should be a lesson to us — never to aggravate the sufferings of others out of revenge or from sheer cruelty, to always protect the weak and helpless, and to do what we can to avert from them every calamity. It will be well for individuals and nations to learn this lesson — lest they should soon need the sympathy and aid, they have denied to others."

The difference is, that all the South supported the evil that brought upon it its ruin. All Chicago did not approve of Chicago's sin. Still, it is right in pleading that all chastisements should be administered in love and tenderness.

The Christian Radical says: —

"John Weiss puts in a plea for an 'American Religion.' Tilton asks for an 'American Church,' in a late issue of his paper, and Dr. Schaff, in a recent address, speaks of the need of an 'American Theology.' In addition, we suggest, if it be not irreverent, that we have also an American God. This would give us a complete American outfit."

We have that now. The god Mammon has many worshippers. Nay, we have several of them. Mr. Weiss furnishes one, the god of Free Religion, or Baal, and Mr. Tilton, Ashtaroth, the goddess of Free Love. But the true God, a jealous God, and a holy, is the only One mighty to save, from eternity, and to eternity. He, and His religion, and His theology are the same, yesterday, to-day, and forever. Hear ye Him.

The College Argus, Middletown, comes out in a new dress. It is a handsome sheet, full of lively matter. It glories over the new aspects of the college, laments Dr. Newhall's absence, says it rejoices to find Prof. Prentice "so thorough a student, so perfect a gentleman, and so ripe a Christian," all of which he is, and asks for money to build a boat-house, which may it get; relates how a '72 man expecting many ladies in the class of '75, "purchased a box of blacking and a new hat, began to wear hair, coat, and even manners, be brushed up. Send \$2.00, all lovers of the college, for a first-rate college paper. If the publishers would make some one in each central city an agent, they would get more subscribers. We nominate James P. Magee, or John C. Rand, for Boston.

The Transcript can always find room for items commanding any Unitarian man or affair, but never for a Methodist, and yet Methodists are among its best subscribers. How it would have spread itself had either of the Chicago Collyers visited this city. But when two Methodists, that kept their first estate, came, and spoke with a power that their fallen brothers could not have equaled, not a two-line item can chronicle the event. Such is the impartiality of the press! Did Butler strike it too severely?

Five Grace Church little sisters gave five dollars, at the Temple meeting, to Chicago. A pretty gift from pretty givers.

AN APPEAL TO THE METHODISTS OF NEW ENGLAND.

BOSTON, October 25, 1871.

DEAR BRETHREN:—As you are well aware, a great calamity has fallen the people of the chief commercial centre of the West. The wall of thousands, whose entire earthly substance perished in the conflagration of Chicago, fills the land with sorrow. Multitudes, who a month ago were wealthy men, are now reduced to the condition of paupers. The business of a great mart is paralyzed in an hour. The fall of such a city, a sort of nerve centre, interwoven by ties of blood and interest, with so many other sections, sends a shock through the whole land and the world, which awakens a benevolent response, honorable to our civilization, and ample to afford relief to the general want.

But the wave of sorrow quickly sweeps by another, harder, less overwhelming. A bitter cry comes up from our churches in that city, whose properties deeply and almost irreparably suffered by the fire. Five churches, besides the property of the Garrett Biblical Institute, were burned, and several other enterprises were imperiled in the general prostration.

The Grace Church, with every family burned out, owes \$20,000; the Clark Street had become responsible for about \$40,000, in aid of five or six new enterprises in different parts of the city; the two Scandinavian, and the German churches have uncancelled obligations standing against them; while the property of the Institute has an indebtedness of \$22,000.

All these properties, to the amount of more than \$80,000, were destroyed; the insurance is nearly zero, and our people are totally uninsured, from the hammer of the auctioneer.

On a careful estimate, it was found that not less than \$150,000 would be required to save the sites of our churches and educational property; and as it was clearly impossible to raise more than a small part of the amount at home, our brethren in Chicago determined to appeal to the Methodist people of New England.

In furtherance of this purpose, Dr. Raymond and Bro. Parkhurst were directed to ask aid of New England. To this call, Boston Methodism cheerfully and promptly responded by contributing \$10,000; and now, through this Committee, urgently requests that our churches in every part of New England will, by their prompt and energetic efforts, rally to the rescue, and, if no amount can be raised, relieve the general distress; but we must not fail in this pressing exigency, which may never recur, to relieve our stricken brethren, and to save the cause of Methodism from utter prostration in the heart of the Northwest. The need is urgent. What we do must be done quickly. The loss of these lands would put the cause back half a century. A dollar now is more valuable than a hundred years hence. Love Christ and His cause, and, like our common Methodist, do not fail to respond heartily, promptly, and liberally to this call.

To insure concert of action in this good work, we recommend that contributions be made to this cause, in all our churches in New England, on the second Sabbath in November. Please remit immediately to J. P. Mace.

COMMITTEE.—William Claffin, Isaac Rich, Jacob Sleeper, David Snow, E. H. Duran, J. H. Chadwick, D. E. Poland, Liverus Hull, D. E. Warren, S. F. Upman, G. S. Hale, J. W. Hamilton, D. Sherman, J. Scott, I. G. Bidwell, M. Trafton.

The following subscriptions have been received for
Chicago Methodism:—

Reported last Monday,	\$8,000	Springfield,	\$1,500
Worcester,	1,000	Portland,	500
Providence,	1,200	Cambridge,	417
Trinity, Charlestown,	500	Chelsea,	200
Lowell (in part),	800	Tremont Street, additional,	301
New Bedford,	300	Total,	301
Union Church, Charlestown, reported \$65, should have been \$50.			

The Missionary meeting has not been able yet to arrange its speakers. It will take place at St. Paul's Church, New York, Monday and Tuesday, Nov. 20th and 21st. A love-feast will be held Monday morning; election of managers Monday, P. M.; missionary sermon Monday evening; Tuesday morning, discussion on whether our missionary work should be extended or consolidated, and Tuesday afternoon, on whether or not we should put all the missionary department of the Church, Education, church building, etc., in two boards, a foreign and domestic. Addresses will be made in the evening.

A course of lectures is now in progress in the Methodist Episcopal Church, Winthrop. Two weeks since the Rev. F. G. Morris, of East Boston, gave an able and interesting lecture on "Imagination." The second was on the 3d inst., by Rev. J. O. Thompson, of West Dennis: Subject, "Gettysburg." To say that this lecture was interesting is not sufficiently expressive. It was a graphic and thrilling account of his own personal experiences in the war of the Rebellion, and especially at the hard-fought and bloody battle of Gettysburg. Rev. A. J. Church, of Wellfleet, will be the next lecturer. —COM.

NEW CAMP GROUND.—A large number of ministers and laymen met in Waverley Hall, Framingham, on the 2d inst., to take action in reference to a new camp-meeting in that section, and also to determine upon the proper location of the same. Grounds in South Framingham, lying on the line of the Boston, Clinton, and Fitchburg Railroad were examined. A Committee was appointed to make further negotiations and investigations relative to the land and the Railroad Cos., which will report at a future meeting. Resolutions were passed, and steps taken looking to the organization of a Camp-meeting Association, and also expressive of a unanimous opposition to the running of any trains to and from the camp-meeting on the Sabbath. Dr. W. R. Clark called the meeting to order. Mr. A. S. Weed was chairman, and Rev. F. T. George, secretary.

It is a wise suggestion, that some when they get to heaven will be surprised to find that the angels are not struggling to be archangels, and they might add, doing unworthy things to attain that honor. Better have a little angelhood here below.

A Chicago paper thinks setting safes high upon iron pillars, which melted, and tumbled the safes into the cellar, and calling them fire-proof, was a striking specimen of irony. Both the deed and the word.

The Fall River District Conference will meet November 13.

NEWS NOTES.—Thirty-three Arctic whalers have been crushed by icebergs, crews saved.—A plot against the present government of Spain has been discovered in Paris.—The new Parliament is prorogued to December 27.—A convention has been effected between the French and English governments in regard to the commerce treaty.—Hawkins, the Mormon, has been sentenced to three years' hard labor.

The actual gift of the Tremont Street Methodist Episcopal Church, Boston, to Chicago, is:—

\$ 285.00 for the general relief.
1,161.41 for the Methodist Episcopal Churches.
100.00 for M. M. Parkhurst.

\$1,546.41, with a large quantity of clothing—a handsome donation from a handsome church.

PERSONAL.

Rev. Mr. Kelsey, of Claremont, N. H., saw the whole of the Chicago fire. He is willing to tell what he saw to any places that may wish to hear it. He spoke in that town to a very large audience with very marked effect. It is a great tale, the greatest of its kind for two hundred years; and one who saw it, and can say it, is sure of many ears.

Rev. Mr. Vibberts, esq., to give him all his honors, is doing good service in England in the Temperance cause. He made a speech at Manchester, which set forth the position of New England on this question, her churches and pastors. His words are weighty. Among other extracts he gives this from the *London Times*, which it said as late as the 4th of October last: "It is absolutely impossible to protect or advance the morality of the people without doing direct and proportionate injury to the liquor traffic." Let the Republican party of New England, which is selling itself to this traffic, weigh these words. We hope Mr. Vibberts will speak much everywhere in Britain.

We publish elsewhere a sketch of Mr. Evans, the leading advertiser. He is a very energetic and successful man of business, who knows exactly how to put papers and traders in connection with each other, to the great advantage of both of them, as well as their readers and buyers.

Mr. Black's Stereopticon is one of the best Sunday-school entertainments. It is instructive and pleasing. It has a wide range of scenes and persons. The Round the World series takes one through all the continents. That in the Holy Land and the Arctic Circle combines two of the best regions for novelty and utility. Put yourself in correspondence with him, J. W. Black, 173 Washington Street.

Rev. Theodore L. Flood, of Newmarket, N. H., has made a good hit with his new lecture, "The Spirit of the Age." Bro. Flood knows how to distill this kind of "spirit," although the most uncompromising of Temperance men.

Mr. Allen Greene, of Springfield, has a new lecture poem, "Into the Sunshine," with which he is ready to illuminate any dark corner of the land.

DELEGATES TO GENERAL CONFERENCE.—*Georgia Conference.*—Ministers: E. Q. Fuller, W. Prettyman; reserves: J. Spilman, J. W. Yarbrough. Laymen: J. C. Kimball, J. D. Thompson; reserves: A. C. Ellington, George Francis.

The Methodist Church.

MASSACHUSETTS.

PREACHERS' MEETING, SPRINGFIELD DISTRICT.—The brethren on Springfield District, although widely scattered, believe in promoting acquaintance. Their third Association gathering for this Conference year occurred Oct. 24 and 25, in the elegant church at Holyoke. The programme provided for a fine feast, and for once, every essayist was on hand, and all but one prepared as requested. Bro. Gordon, of Chester, was Chairman. Bro. Fenn, and others, talked soberly and earnestly about revivals, general consent being made to the position, that those churches succeed best in revival effort whose members are most devoted. Bro. Peck delighted and incited to good works a large audience, in preaching upon the words of the song, "Fair as the moon, clear as the sun, and terrible as an army with banners." Dr. Thayer reported the district as in better condition, so far as the working force is a criterion, than a year ago. More of the members are alive to the interests of the churches than then. Several prosperous building enterprises were reported. Dr. Merrill interested, amused, and instructed the listeners with an essay upon "Samson and his Times." The Doctor was inclined to screen the character from the imputations some make, while some iconoclastic brethren severely reprimanded Samson for alleged moral defects. Bro. Joseph Mansfield, in a carefully written essay, expressed himself well-pleased with the Presiding Elderhood, and gave some excellent suggestions, which by doubtless purposes carrying out when in that goodly office. Bro. Richards presented an admirable essay on "Romanism in America," and saw great reasons for alarm, inasmuch as the Jesuits are to take possession of the country in 1900. Bro. Hills lucidly explained the theory of Holiness.

Among resolutions adopted were the following:—

Whereas, the evils of intemperance are still fearfully cursing society, therefore,

Resolved, That it is the sense of this meeting that the principle of Prohibition should be impartially enforced by the State to suppress this unholy traffic.

2. That we disapprove of the raising and use of tobacco in any form.

3. That we hail with delight the revival of the old-fashioned four days' meetings, and will assist in making them a power.

The next meeting will be in South Deerfield, the second week in December. A monthly preachers' meeting for all who can attend, will be held in the parlor of Trinity Church, Springfield, to commence Dec. 6.

SUNDAY-SCHOOL CONVENTION.—The Convention for the western part of Boston District occurred, as per announcement, at Hudson, Oct. 31, day and evening. The attendance from the various charges was quite large. The day was spent in earnest but candid discussion of important themes relative to the work of the Sunday-school. Reports from the various schools represented, indicated gratifying interest and profit in this department of the great work of God. In the evening Rev. Dr. Clark gave an address to an attentive and delighted audience. Subject, "A Thorough Knowledge of the Bible a Safeguard Against Infidelity." The Convention was most cordially received, and bountifully entertained by the pastor and people of the church at Hudson.

SOMERVILLE.—The Third Street Methodist Episcopal Church, East Somerville, commenced a course of entertainments for the benefit of their new chapel, on the 2d inst., when the Hutchinson Family (tribe of Asa), in Prescott Hall, gave a concert. To be followed by Russell H. Conwell, W. F. Crafts; a concert by the best Somerville talent, conducted by F. P. Ryder, W. F. Mallalieu, J. W. Hamilton. This church is in a flourishing condition, notwithstanding the embarrassments incurred by building their new chapel, with more faith in view than money. Their pastor, J. Benson Hamilton, proposes to deliver his lecture on "Smoke," for the benefit of the church. It is highly spoken of by the press and people.

NORTH WILBRAHAM.—God has been pouring out his Spirit upon, and saving the people in North Wilbraham, the home of Bro. C. H. Vinton, whose health, we are glad to say, is considerably improved, and with care and rest will, probably, in a year or two be in the active ministry he so much loves.

NEW HAMPSHIRE GLEANINGS.

Rev. J. M. Buckley spent last Sabbath among his old friends in Dover, and preached a powerful sermon on the Divinity of Christ, in the Methodist Church in the afternoon, to a large and appreciative congregation.

Father Abram Folsom is one of the few old men who retains his energy of mind and body sufficient to enable him to succeed, as he always does, remarkably well, in keeping up an active interest in his church affairs. His society at North Salem is very prosperous, more so than it has been at any time for several years past. This fact is the more worthy of note, as this is his second term of service among that people. Good congregations attend his preaching, and the interest in the Sabbath-school is good, and increasing. Father Folsom is seventy-seven years of age, and walks from sixteen to twenty miles, to and from his appointment every week.

At the old Church in Salem, one of the landmarks of Methodism in this State, the Methodist Society under the care of Rev. D. W. Downs, is showing signs of activity and enterprise. They are remodeling their church by raising it up, and adding twelve feet to its length. Refitting the interior, and beautifying the exterior, at an expense of \$3,000. In the meantime the society has accepted an invitation from the Congregationalists to worship with them on the Sabbath, and the two ministers officiate alternately. The ladies are working with commendable zeal to refurbish the house, and when the whole work is done it will be a credit to the society and Methodism.

Rev. O. H. Jasper, Presiding Elder of Dover District, is abundant in labors among the weak churches on his charge. There are several of these congregations; some of them have a minister part of the time, and some of them are destitute, save when the Presiding Elder makes them a quarterly visit. Among the number are Hampstead and Milton Mills, Sandown and South Danville. All the available men in the ministry among us are at work, both old and young, and still we are deficient. More men could be employed if they could be found, providing they would be willing to take small societies, and do hard work on small pay, until the congregations would grow to be large, and the pay accordingly. A great many Methodists in this State are scattered in the regions beyond our societies that are favored with pastoral care and Sabbath preaching. Hosts of people, loyal to the Saviour and Methodism, are today deprived of their church associations and privileges, because they have gone into communities to live where there are no Methodist church organizations. Frequently these individuals arise, and ask for a minister, and they receive one; they gather congregations, live a year or two, and then the movement wanes and dies. It is one of our troubles in New Hampshire Conference. How shall we reach all the people with the Gospel? The answer is an enigma to a great many good people.

NORTHERN NEW HAMPSHIRE.

Rev. R. S. Stubbs writes:—"A Quarterly Meeting occasion called us to visit Colebrook, N. H. It is 'beautiful for situation,' the pride of our whole State. Until recently Claremont was the 'banner farming town'; but at this writing, Colebrook takes precedence. Though the area of this town is fifty-four square miles, there is not a hundred acre lot in it but is susceptible of being made into a good farm. It is a half-shire town, and its Court terms are 1st Tuesday in February, and 2d Tuesday in August of each year; the February term is a Grand Jury term. It was incorporated in 1796. Its present population is about 1,500 souls; during the last decade its population has increased 300 souls. Within a radius of ten miles of Colebrook there are twelve starch mills, which work on an average 18,000 bushels of potatoes each year. Located at the confluence of the Mohawk and Connecticut Rivers, it forms an important centre of business for a large farming community of the Green Mountains and Granite State peoples. In 1870, a destructive fire swept away all the business part of the village, destroying \$75,000 worth of property, on which \$20,000 insurance was realized. Phoenix-like, the village has risen again from its ashes in greater symmetry and beauty, and scarcely a trace of the fire-field remains. The Methodists and their friends in the village and vicinity, have erected a commodious and neat church, containing fifty-two pews, with a fine vestry, and classrooms in the basement, above ground, at a cost of about \$4,000; they have also just completed a fine cottage for a parsonage. Great credit is due to the Rev. H. Knott for the suc-

cessful completion of this home for the ministers of this Church. Among the liberal and efficient laymen, by whose generous contributions this Church was erected, I will mention the name of Bro. Darling, of Canaan, Vt. He invested over \$600 in these enterprises; and, more than money, he has given himself to Jesus, and for a long period has been an effective friend of His cause and kingdom. I must add the sad statement, he is wasting away by disease, and told me on last Sabbath evening, that before spring he should probably leave these shores. He is sustained and cheered by the 'Gospel of the blessed God.' Truly, 'godliness is profitable unto all things.' Colebrook boasts of an academy, and a graded school, three carriage shops, two sash and blind shops, one foundry, and one marble shop; five lawyers reside here, and one regular 'preacher in charge.' There is a large old-fashioned Congregational Church, built thirty years ago in the village, the remodeling of which is in contemplation; thus, when the Boston, Concord and Montreal Railroad is built to this village, which will be within five years, probably, it will be one of the most desirable locations to be found in New England. It is now within fourteen miles of the Grand Trunk Railroad, and passengers can leave Colebrook at 7 A. M., and reach Boston at 9 P. M. of the same day; or by taking the steamer at Portland, reach Boston at 7 A. M. the next morning. Already the railroad is being built between Lancaster and Northumberland, N. H., and is to be finished for summer travel next July. So much for this beautiful village, which is about ten miles from Dixville Notch. This is, perhaps, the most magnificent and stupendous 'cleft in the rock' that the world affords, and richly repays visitors for the labor and expense of getting to it."

MAINE ITEMS.

Rev. Mr. Parkhurst, of Grace Church, Chicago, spoke to the people of Portland, at Chestnut Street Methodist Church, Monday evening, October the 30th, upon the claims of his parish, every member of which was burned out in the late terrible fire. He gave a vivid description of that sad calamity, which moved all hearts present. The reverend gentleman said that the newspaper accounts of the great conflagration, and of its effects upon the people, were tame in comparison with the reality. At the close of this eloquent appeal, three hundred and sixty dollars in cash and pledges, were raised, which is to be increased to five hundred; a noble sum for the Methodists of Portland, in addition to former amounts previously sent forward. It is hoped that the other Methodist Churches in Maine will remember Chicago in this her hour of suffering and distress.

The Grand Lodge of Good Templars of Maine held its session last week in Portland, at which a report was adopted, recommending that sheriffs and their deputies be made by law a State police for the enforcement of the State criminal laws in all cases where local officers refuse or neglect to do so. This seems a wise suggestion for enforcing such laws, and is not at the same time open to the formidable objections of multiplying officers which was presented against the Constabulary system. This plan proposes no change in the mode of electing sheriffs, but simply enlarges their duties, and makes them responsible to the Chief Executive of the State, as they formerly were.

The Methodist Church at North Augusta is prospering under the efficient pastorate of Rev. F. Smith. Last Sabbath one was baptized, and three received to the Church in full membership. The Quarterly Meeting on that occasion was a season of deep interest. The indications are good for a general revival. The Sunday-school connected with this parish is in a flourishing condition. Nearly the whole congregation take part in the sessions from Sabbath to Sabbath.

The work is progressing at Wilton. Several were received to full connection last Sabbath. Others will be received into full membership soon.

Rev. H. B. Hitchins, Rector of St. John's Episcopal Church in Bangor for the past two years, preached his farewell sermon to a large congregation yesterday. There are others in Maine than Methodist ministers who intenerate, some to a call, others after one. Mr. Hitchins is a most estimable man, an able minister of the New Testament. He will find hosts of friends wherever he goes.

A good revival is in progress in the Baptist Church in Livermore.

Rev. Dr. Eddy, formerly of Boston, and recently settled in this city over the First Baptist Church, the Temperance party rejoices and takes heart.

METHODISM

still presents a bold front to the iniquities of this place, and is exemplifying her aggressive spirit in constant victories. Bro. Crandon, at Steep Brook, has fought hard, and with some success. The Fall River Praying Band, recently organized by members of the First and St. Paul's churches, has helped him much.

At the Globe, the converts of last winter are being cared for by Bro. Lamson, who is doing well, and is much endeared to his people. The brethren there are about securing a lot for a parsonage. May they build wisely and well.

The new church at Quarry Street does not seem to prosper as marvelously as at first, and perhaps such prosperity could not in any event have been continuous; yet it is doing a good work, and is amongst a people who appreciate the privileges, if not the obligations of the Gospel.

Bro. Haynes, at St. Paul's, still maintains his deserved popularity among the masses, who crowd his church on the Sabbath, and listen to the word of life. The Church has been much quickened during the year, and the conversions of the past few weeks augur a general work.

At the First Church, the work of grace enjoyed last winter has measurably continued, and on Sabbath night, Oct. 29, the altar was nearly surrounded by penitents and wanderers, together with those desiring to be made perfect in love. Bro. Wright is looking for an unusual outpouring of the Spirit upon the community during the winter.

REV. FREDERICK UPHAM, D. D.,

delivered his semi-centennial discourse before the Methodist churches of the city, at the First Church, on Monday evening, Oct. 23. It was received with intense satisfaction, and delighted the congregation by its frequent hits, and by that peculiar sprightly which the Doctor so well knows how to scatter. At its conclusion, all present seemed saddened by the thought that this Gospel veteran might soon be summoned to lay down his armor, never rusted nor disgraced, and the call for a contribution was responded to liberally by those who esteemed it a peculiar privilege to honor his fidelity and great success. This sermon should be delivered before every congregation the Doctor has served; not simply because of its happy reminiscences and delightful spirit, but because every congregation should have the privilege of helping him pecuniarily in these latter days. Let the pastors of the stewards invite him at once.

ADVERTISEMENT.

Church committees and Presiding Elders, together with leading sisters, are hereby cautioned against coming to this city with evil designs against our peace and happiness as churches. We have no ministers to spare, and we say to all who come in to spy out our liberty which we have in Christ Jesus, that they may bring us into bondage. "Ye have compassed this mountain long enough; turn you northward." W.

PROVIDENCE ITEMS.

The fall campaign is progressing very favorably in most of our

CITY CHURCHES.

There have been a number of inquiries for salvation in the Matthewson Street society within the past week or two, and several have found peace in believing. The interest at Trinity is on the increase, and there are tokens that ere long the cloud of misery will break with blessings on the heads and hearts of that people.

Bro. Carroll, of St. Paul's Church, has commenced under favorable auspices a series of extra services, in which he is to be assisted with sermons by the various pastors of the city and vicinity.

At Chestnut Street, souls have been converted every week for the past two months, and the spiritual interest is now such as to be taken that this is only the beginning of yet better days. Most of those who have been converted, have a remarkably clear and positive experience. This society is about to take a long stride forward by making extensive and permanent improvements on its parsonage. This edifice is to be moved out of the shade of the church, forward to the street, and downward to the lower side of the lot; a commodious two-story addition is to be built on; a new dining-room and kitchen above-ground will take the place of the former damp ones in the basement; there will be two new chambers. The front elevation of the house is to be modified so as to present a much more attractive appearance than hitherto. The wooden steps will give way to steps and buttresses of granite. A bath-room will encourage the practice of that virtue which is next to godliness; and a new furnace will take the place of the present heating apparatus. Work is to be begun immediately, and the first of January is fixed as the date of its completion.

The new parsonage of the Power Street society is steadily going forward. It has a beautiful location, and is to be a fine structure.

Quite a number of conversions have recently taken place at Asbury Chapel, under the faithful labors of Bro. Bodish.

On last Monday evening, a meeting was held in Music Hall for the relief of

METHODISM IN CHICAGO.

Many hundreds of hearts were stirred to the deepest sympathy and active benevolence by the appeals of Drs. Raymond and Hatfield, and a sum approximating to \$1,200 was promptly and easily raised, the people responding heartily and generously, although many of them had given twice before for the general relief of the sufferers by the great conflagration.

SOME NEW MEN

in our work in this vicinity are rendering most excellent service. Bro. Smith is very popular, and deservedly so, at Bristol. Bro. Axtell, at Westerly, is pushing things, and will soon have a new church there. Bro. Povey, at North Rehoboth, is a very earnest laborer, clear-headed and warm-hearted, and is witnessing prosperity as the reward of his labors. All these brethren have been stationed in these places since Conference, and are very valuable additions to our ministerial forces. S.

CAPE COD ITEMS.

New Bedford District Ministerial Association met at Sandwich, Monday evening, Oct. 23. The exercises opened with a sermon by Rev. E. McChesney, of New Bedford, after which the Association organized by the choice of Rev. W. T. Harlow for President, and Rev. J. B. Washburn, of Marion, for Secretary. The sessions were continued until after ten o'clock on Tuesday evening.

Immediately after the opening devotional exercises on Tuesday morning, the following question was discussed: "Is there a distinction between the gift of faith and the grace of faith; and if so, how can it be harmonized with Mark xii. 24?"

Essays and sketches, or written sermons, with some short discussions, occupied the remainder of the time.

Bro. Harlow presented an essay on "Pulpit Oratory;" Rev. A. J. Kenyon, on Centenary Church, Provincetown, one on "A Law;" Rev. G. S. Macomber, of Eastham, one on the "Growth of the Soul;" Rev. B. L. Sayer, of South Middleboro', one on the "Elder Son," in the parable of the "Prodigal Son;" Rev. J. O. Thompson, of West Dennis, one on the "Nature and Office of Conscience;" Dr. Whedon, of Edgartown, one on "The Law Established by Faith;" and Rev. Joseph Marsh, of So. Harwich, one on "Responsibilities of Young Men." All were good; some excellent.

Sketches or written sermons were presented by the following brethren: by Rev. C. H. Ewer, of Orleans, on John i. 14; by Rev. Benj. Hayes, of Sandwich, on 1 John iv. 17; by Rev. Wm. Packard, of North Truro, on 1 Thess. v. 17; by Rev. Chas. Stokes, of East Falmouth, on Heb. ii. 7; and by Rev. Geo. A. Morse, of Nantucket, on the "General Judgment."

Tuesday evening, from 7.30 to 9 o'clock, was devoted to a love-feast, which was a "feast of fat things, of wine on the lees, well refined," one of the "times of refreshing from the presence of the Lord." It was almost entirely made up of full, rich, deep, clear experiences, and such singing as only those who have such experiences can do. It was a profitable gathering.

On Wednesday morning, at 9 o'clock, the New Bedford District Sunday-school Convention was organized by the choice of Rev. W. T. Harlow as President, and Rev. J. O. Thompson as Secretary. The Convention continued its sessions during the day, winding up with a Children's Temperance Meeting in the evening. It was a fine success from beginning to end.

Essays were read by the following persons, on the topics annexed to their names, respectively: Rev. J. Gray, of Fairhaven, on "Moral Culture of the Sunday-school;" Miss Jennie Jones, of Sandwich, on "Religious Culture of the Sunday-school — Its Relation to the Church;" Rev. A. J. Kenyon, on "Relation of Sunday-school and Preaching — Time Devoted to the Sunday-school;" Rev. C. A. Hinckley, of Monument, on "Sunday-school Libraries;" Mrs. Mary A. Stokes, of East Falmouth, on "The Sunday-school Teacher;" Miss H. N. Dillingham, of Sandwich, on "The Sunday-school Scholar;" and Rev. E. Edison, of Chatham, spoke on "The Use of Instruction Books, and Uniform Lessons." The essays were well thought, well written, and well delivered, and the singing, by the choir and others, excellent.

Bro. Harlow conducted a Bible-class recitation; Mrs. Nye, of Sandwich, and Mrs. Chas. G. Kelley, of West Dennis, an infant class exercise, and Rev. A. W. Paige, of Sandwich, a blackboard exercise. Strong ground was taken in favor of giving half a day to the Sunday-school, instead of "grinding it between the upper and nether millstones" of two preaching services.

The Temperance address to the children in the evening, by Rev. A. J. Church, was interesting and instructive, as were, also, the opening address, recited by Master F. W. Paige, of Sandwich, and the remarks which followed by Revs. Morse and Gray, though the latter told a story of a drummer boy, which no one who has "worn the blue," will receive save with a great many grains of salt. The following resolutions were adopted:

Resolved, That the sincere and hearty thanks of the Convention be tendered to the kind people of Sandwich for the sumptuous hospitality with which they have entertained us.

Also, to the Cape Cod and Fairhaven Branch Railroads for passing homeward, resolved:

1. That our Sunday-school libraries are not usually selected with sufficient regard to the moral and religious culture of Sunday-school readers.

2. That as ministers and Sunday-school workers we will endeavor to secure, first, libraries unexceptionable in their moral tone and tendency. Second, that we will give diligence to procure the most interesting and best adapted books that are published, which come up to the above standard.

Rev. J. W. Price, of North Dennis, who has been dangerously ill of typhoid fever, is recovering, and is taking a vacation of a few weeks for the benefit of his health. He and his wife were sick at the same time, with the same disease, immediately after the Yarmouthport Camp-meeting, and at one time his life was despaired of.

Rev. S. F. Whidden, late of South Yarmouth, who has been raised almost miraculously from the very borders of the grave, though still suffering, is able to be about, and to preach occasionally. He has been able to secure a comfortable little home, in a community where he is much loved. He will depend upon the proceeds of his trade of watch, clock, and jewelry repairing, and key fitting for a livelihood. Brethren, remember him.

Rev. W. T. Miller, of South Truro, is in feeble health, and if relief cannot soon be obtained, must break down, it is feared. Pray for him.

The Methodist Church at West Dennis, Rev. J. O. Thompson, pastor, are adopting the Berean Series of lessons, and the one sermon plan, giving the whole forenoon to the Sunday-school. Some young persons are seeking salvation, and they are hoping for, and expecting a glorious revival.

Rev. Mr. Whiticher, a student from the Theological Seminary, is supplying the pulpit at South Yarmouth, left vacant by the removal of Bro. Whidden. The people are much pleased with his ministrations.

Our Social Meeting.

Mrs. L. Sherman speaks to the sisters in the Church on —

THE WOMAN'S MISSION WORK.

I am prompted to take my pen by the great interest I feel in our "Woman's Missionary Society," hoping and praying that some interest may be awakened in your heart, dear sister, by these few lines. We all know as a reading people that the heathen woman is only to be reached by a person of her own sex. We must send women to lead them in the path that our Saviour has marked out for every human being to walk in. We women of America, that with our own husbands, and children can go up to the house of the Lord, and together hear and learn the way to the great eternal home where Christ with outstretched arms is daily calling, "Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden," shall we enjoy these precious boons, and do nothing to send this message to those who are in midnight darkness as concerns their spiritual life? Born and reared in utter ignorance, dying the same, shall our skirts be clear of their blood, if we do not put our heart and hand to this work, feeling that we are to work for a harvest that in eternity shall be disclosed to us? We as Christian mothers can consecrate our children to the Lord, knowing He will do all things for their good, temporal and eternal. How many a poor heathen sister looks upon her child — with a mother's love too — and with a shudder consigns it to a watery grave to appease the wrath of an angry Deity. The babe is gone, the angry waters are rolling above it. Shall she have no one to tell her of a Saviour, who when upon earth took little children and said, "Suffer little children to come unto me," and teach her that she and her child both have a soul of priceless value, that there is a better way, even the way of the cross? We must arise, and see what we as churches and individuals can do. This one thing we can do, form auxiliary societies gathering in every member that it is possible to, and this little sum, a dollar a year we can save if we choose; for we expend money in the year that we might save, even if we are prudent people. If, like the widow in the Gospel, you have but a very little, the "mite" shall be blessed beyond your highest expectation, and some ransomed soul in eternity may owe its eternal salvation to a tract, or something that your "mite" may have sent them. And to those who are able to do abundantly for the cause, let it not flag because you refuse it your cordial support, both by your hearty sympathy with the cause, and contributions to it. All together, both country and city, let us this year give this cause, which will surely be blessed of God, a great forward move; one that shall cause the self-sacrificing missionary in her field of labor to feel that the cause lies near our heart, and is finding a home that shall gain a firmer hold as the years roll by; and when the light of eternity shall unfold our life-work, with thousands from every land that shall hereafter be saved, our efforts will then appear to us glorious; for the Lord shall say unto us, "Come unto me, ye blessed," who would have otherwise have perished in utter darkness.

A friend sends these —

GATHERED GRAPES FRESH FROM THE VINEYARD.

At the quiet close of one of those blessed days of the late summer, when many of the children of our Father sat together in a heavenly place under the shadow of the Almighty, when the peace of heaven seemed to breathe in the atmosphere of that social gathering, and souls were taking deep sea-soundings in the ocean of love and privilege, the brazen monitor at the preaching-stand rang out its summons to repair to the evening service. The company were promptly dismissed, yet they lingered longingly in those hallowed precincts. Many were on their faces pleading with the angel of the covenant, and the victory lingered. Just then a clear, rich, melodious voice broke over the troubled waters, with the words of song, "A little more faith in Jesus." It was from our colored sister Smith, of New York city.

A lady of much refinement of taste and feeling, who had been earnestly pleading with God for all her present privilege in Christ Jesus, arose from her place, and endeavored to press her way out of the tent, and escape from dissipation of the sweet spirit that seemed to be stealing into her soul. Her feelings revolted at the semi-doggerel, and the negro melody, as its first notes fell upon her ear. She had moved but a few paces, when the chorus rang full and clear, "A little more faith in Jesus." The Spirit whispered, only a "little more faith in Jesus." God met her, and in a moment she said, here am I, fretting my soul to believe some great thing; I have been laying out some great plan for God, some great swell to land me high in the realms of joyous triumph; more gloriously happy than I have ever been in all my life; while my present need is a little more faith in Jesus. The Spirit enlightened, and her soul quietly responded, "I will, I do believe Jesus;" and then the great tidal wave lifted her out of self-effort, into the sweet rest of a soul abiding in Jesus. She ceased from her own works, and that moment stopped trying to believe, and believed God. There came no exceeding rapture, but O, the blessed conscious rest: —

"And the angels could do nothing more
Than to fall at His feet, and the story repeat,
And the Lover of sinners adore."

On, the joy of the simple trust of that soul on God. When she had ceased trying to get a blessing, and passed out of that struggle into the realm of faith, God gave her the desire of her heart. With the peace of the saints in her heart, she walked out to the evening service, feeling that she had found the secret place of the Most High.

In many memories this delightful summer of 1871 is

hallowed forever. And now, precious brother and sister, go to thy work, remembering that you have not gathered a stock of grace on which you can subsist all the fall and winter. It is written, "The just shall live by faith." Be suspicious of your own ability. Lean hard on God.

This tells —

HOW THE ROMANISTS TREAT THEIR SICK.

Having noticed in the HERALD some remarks, taken from *The Congregationalist*, relative to the reported faithfulness of the Roman Catholic priests in saving their flocks, I have been induced to offer for insertion in the HERALD the following extract, bearing upon that subject, from the journal of the late Thomas B. Gould, a minister in the Society of Friends, at Newport, R. I. I have italicised the part to which I wish to draw attention.

Respectfully thy friend,

LYNN, 9 m., 25th, 1871. WILLIAM B. OLIVER.

NEXTPORT, 25th of 8 month, 1854.

My Endured Friend . . . It is very sickly here; more so than I have ever known in my time. There have been more than fifty cases of cholera which have proved fatal, — many of them in the course of a few hours, — in this small town, within the fast few weeks. Most of these have been among the poorer class of natives and foreigners; yet several very sudden deaths have occurred among the middle and upper classes of society, and many, very many more of these have been attacked with cholera and other diseases which follow in its train, which have been controlled or arrested. From the cholera hospital, to which the poor Irish and others have been carried, as many as four corpses have been taken in one day, several times in the last two weeks, and buried immediately after death, without the least ceremony. I have been much at the hospital from a sense of duty, and have done what I could to relieve the sufferings of the poor dying creatures, with some little success. But they have been wholly forsaken by the Catholic priest, and by the self-styled Sisters of Charity, of which last, through the prevalence of Romanism, we have a number here. But my going to the hospital has at least had the effect to arouse the sympathies, and to call up the action of others who kept at a very safe distance before. I found the patients not only shamefully neglected, but actually abused by the nurses, who were paid no less than ten dollars per day for their worse than useless attendance.

THOS. B. GOULD.

Rev. G. W. Norris rises to —

HIT HUXLEY.

If Prof. Huxley is right in saying that science "gives us the idea of the practical infinity of the universe;" also, that "matter and force are indestructible;" how is it that "Scientific Theology finds it necessary to teach the worship mostly of the silent sort of the unknown and unknowable?" For science to know that she has never destroyed, either matter or force, is only to recognize the failure of her own experiments. For her to know that matter and force are indestructible, assumes that her experiments have combined the resources, for all duration, of this "practically infinite universe;" which scarcely leaves room for the accommodation of an unknown, much less of an unknowable.

"A Pastor" writes: —

WHY ANOTHER CLERGYMAN DYED HIS HAIR — AND THE RESULT.

As your present correspondent read an account of the reason "Why a Clergyman Dyed His Hair," in the HERALD of the present week, a conversation with a druggist in Massachusetts was recalled. His pastor, who was becoming prematurely gray, aware of the growing prejudice against age, or indications of approaching maturity, came to him with inquiry in reference to the Restorer, or Dye, that would bring back his hair to its youthful hue in the shortest possible time. The dealer recommended one of the popular mixtures for the purpose, that is having an astonishing sale, and sold the article to him. The customer was anxious to give it a thorough test, and hence used it freely upon his head and whiskers. In a short time the muscles of his face and throat were so nearly paralyzed that he was obliged to abandon his position as pastor of the church. The druggist believed the use of the Restorer — that claims to be harmless — the only cause.

Obituaries.

Died, in Three Rivers, Mass., Oct. 20, ANDREW BEARD, aged 76 years.

Father Beard was for more than fifty years a member of the Methodist Episcopal Church. He had held the various offices of exhorter, class-leader, steward, local preacher, and trustee. For more than twenty-five years he has been identified with the Methodist Episcopal Church in Palmer, and at the time of his death was a trustee of the Society at the Four Corners. He was a true and devoted friend of the Church, and from his dying bed sent this message to his brethren: "Finally, brethren, farewell; be perfect; be of good comfort; be of one mind; live in peace; and the God of love and peace shall be with you." Thus the fathers pass away.

Died, in West Dennis, Mass., Oct. 4, 1871, THOMAS KELLEY, aged 29 years.

Born in England, he remained in his native land till about 11 years of age, when he was brought to Boston by the mate of a ship. This man finding his father, for whom he had intended the boy, dead, and being himself unmarried, told the little fellow he could do nothing for him, and advised him to "seek his fortune." The good providence of God led the homeless wanderer to Rowe's wharf, where lay a vessel commanded by Capt. Henry Kelley, of West Dennis, who adopted the boy, and brought him home. A few weeks later, Capt. Kelley was lost at sea. Thomas remained with his widowed foster-mother, until he grew to manhood, and married. Early in the past summer he came home from sea quite unwell, with disease of the lungs, from which he had previously suffered. In

August he sought and found salvation in Jesus. His conversion was clear and bright, and his evidence continued thus till death. His wife began the Christian life with him, and finds consolation in her grief in the Saviour who sustained and soothed her departed husband in his last days.

T.

Died, in Taunton, Mass., Oct. 3, 1871, HENRY PRATT, aged 63 years and 4 months.

Good men are missed, as they turn their steps away from this to the better life. So said the Church, as she laid away our dear brother, who so trustfully fell asleep, shadowed by the promises and benediction of Jesus. It was a painful pleasure for the widowed one and children to leave him amid the falling October leaf; painful, because of a husband and father bereft; but pleasurable, because the Saviour called, and the weary one was so well fitted, so fully ready for the sudden transition which he received. His was a life that formed a Christian home, and gave years of piety and usefulness to the Church. By his fruits he will be known. All the days of his life he patiently waited, and his change was glorious.

A. ANDERSON.

ABBY KELLY, youngest daughter of Rev. S. Kelly, died in great peace, at her father's residence, Quincy Point, Sept. 5.

Her health for many years had been much impaired, and she had anticipated the change which found her ready. Her Christian life, which commenced seventeen years ago, has ever been like the flow of a gentle river. She was in no respect demonstrative, but retiring, and honest and true. None knew her but to love her; and those who knew her best, prized and loved her most. Her adornment was truly that of a "meek and quiet spirit." "She rests from her labors," and of her it may be truly said, "Blessed are the dead."

F. K. STRATTON.

MRS. CHARLOTTE B. SCOTT died of fever, at the residence of her father, Mr. Titus Pomeroy, in Westfield, West Parish, Mass., Oct. 14, 1871, aged 33 years.

Sister Scott was one of the most earnest and consistent members of the little church to which she belonged. She will be missed by the members, and by a large circle of friends; but O how much more by her three children, and the home circle she made so pleasant! The Lord comfort them greatly. Her manners and bearing were ever those of the true lady. No person, indeed, could be more unaffected. She was affable, social, and genial to overflowing; but she had also a sustained Christian dignity, on which no one might infringe. She respected others to the utmost requirement of courtesy; but she forgot not that prime axiom of true womanhood, to respect one's self. Her spirit was kindly to a degree which will be testified by many in whose hearts her fragrant memory is imperishably enshrined. Best of all, she was a woman of God, of pure and spiritual deportment, of uncontaminated, but steady and well-sustained zeal, and possessed of some fine antiseptic excellencies as a Christian wife, mother, daughter, and sister. In her, more than most, the charm of homely simplicities and kindly cheerfulness was ever associated with the loftier grace of high Christian consistency.

Her powers of speech had failed her some time before her death, — though in the last hour, when such words as "Jesus, Lover of my soul," etc., were whispered in her ear, she made many unavailing attempts to find vent in words to the happy emotions that filled her spirit; she could only put her lips to sound "Yes." At length, after a week's sickness, without a struggle, or any trace of pain, and with a heavenly light on her countenance that bespoke "the peace of God that rules within," she yielded up her spirit to the God who gave it, and finally "entered the joy of her Lord." "And I heard a voice from heaven saying unto me, Write, Blessed are the dead, which die in the Lord from henceforth; yes, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labors; and their works do follow them."

Christian Advocate, and Western Christian Advocate

S. McLAUGHLIN.

The following tribute to the Rev. TIMOTHY WILLARD LEWIS is from the pen of Rev. A. F. Bailey: —

My heart was deeply pained, my soul grew sad; For, smitten deep, my streaming eyes portrayed The loss I felt on hearing of his death.

That pain and chilling sadness yet I feel, Whene'er my wandering thought is made to think Of him I loved. That choice and manly one, That great and noble soul, that genial heart, High lifted up by holy love divine, Up, far above earth's narrow, common mould. The paltry, stupid crowd, — the masses prone, The sordid ones, — the selfish, greedy clan, Saw the Great Unseen — the High, the Holy One, And on Him fixed his trusting heart alone. Great was his joy, full, deep, unspeakable, With glory full, his faith serene and strong, Replete with hoped-for everlasting bliss.

I've seen him stand, his useful life throughout, On vision's towering mount of promise, Wide was his range. All human ranks embraced; For plain he saw, for all, his Christ had bled And died. And should his love be ever less? It could not be, it was not. So the poor, The very poor, degraded though they were Beneath oppression's iron heel, — consumed In slavery's hell, — the hopeless, hapless ones, Groaning 'neath chains and stripes, all human woes, Such bound he to his sympathetic heart. For such he yearned to toil, for such to die. For such he did. Brave, noble brother, mine!

A "Great-heart," sure thou wast. Thou wast? Thou art. Less than what thou wast never shalt become, Thy life, a blessing here, a blessing is.

Is now. For thou didst but transmute that life Into a thousand other heaving breasts; Which, for thy life's clear flow of limpid deeds, Lives on, and, in bright, wil'ning circles, Like the dropped pebble in the placid pool, Which sends its throbbing wavelets through the whole.

Thy life shall swell by heart-beats, in the fruit Abundant, thou hast widely, richly borne.

I feel to day, that stirring life of thine, But yet, e'en now, it is not o'er with thee, For a blest immortality is thine.

Thou livest on. Thy many works do follow, Blest as dying in the Lord, thou art.

Why, then, should thou we mourn thee, brother, friend? Not for thy sake, so much — for ours, 'tis done. A part of self, a choicer, richer part We miss, a power, a noble limb, an eye, A glancing eye of joy, an eager ear A voice which uttered forth the gentle feelings Of a heart of love; — these we sadly miss. Thy stream of Christly life had entered ours, And swelled our own to turn the busy wheels Of constant duty and of constant joy.

But thy heavenly rest is gained, thy triumph won. Rest, sacred dust, beneath that Southern sun, None worshiper, of all who fought and bled, — The noble, generous, patriot dead, —

Than he who gave his life and toll for those, Who suffered all of slavery's bitter woes; Than he who helped their freeted hearts to be

Blessed with a Christ-bought, two-fold liberty.

Middlebury, Vt., Oct. 12, 1871.

THE FARM AND GARDEN.

Prepared for ZION'S HERALD by Jas. F. C. Hyde.

ROOTS IN THE HOUSE CELLAR. — Persons exposed to atmosphere tainted by decaying vegetables, are generally supposed to be in more danger than if exposed to the odors of decaying animal matter.

A large collection of weeds, pulled from the fields and exposed during a damp and hot season, give off a sickening odor that is intolerable.

Sink spouts that empty themselves into a rank growth of weeds at the back door, where some portion of the weeds are constantly decaying, are supposed to give rise to some of the most virulent forms of fever. In some cases nearly every member of a family has been prostrated with typhus fever in its worst form, where the cause has been supposed to arise from such pollution about the house.

So, decaying vegetables in the cellar, — turnips, cabbages, etc., may prove like "death in the pot." Their odor sometimes pervades the whole house, and is as disagreeable as it is pervading.

Our caution to all is, if vegetables *must* be in the cellar, to keep them in as low a temperature as possible and prevent freezing. Then give the cellar all the ventilation that can be had, and as frequently as the air can be safely admitted. At the earliest moment in the spring remove all vegetable matter, and cleanse the cellar as scrupulously as the good wife does her pantry.

Wherever there is a barn cellar, the cost would not be large to prepare room in one corner of it purposely for roots. This would probably be the cheapest course in the end. — *New England Farmer*.

CANBERRIES ON PINE LAND. — A grower gives the following experience in the *Journal of Agriculture*: — Three or four years ago I transplanted cranberry vines from my meadow, to one of my gardens, which is pine plain land. They have grown well, and they are now loaded with fruit. I had compromised with them, that if they would come and live with me on my land, I would bring them their native soil, so that they would not suffer by emigration. I dug channels two feet wide, twenty inches deep, and three feet apart. I removed the gravel, and filled the channels with muck from whence they were to be taken. I took up the cranberry plants in small clusters, and set them deep in their natural element. They appeared to be perfectly contented with their new locality. They now occupy one square rod of ground, and are beginning to enlarge their borders. I keep this patch clear of weeds. The expense of this cranberry square rod was about two days' labor of one man, and one day's labor of one horse. The prospect now is that the cranberries will yearly pay expenses of their new settlement. Muck and experiments well directed will prove successful.

FALL MANURING. — A year ago I had ten acres of wheat seed down with clover, but on which the clover failed. I wished very much to get it into clover, and could hardly make up my mind to plough it up. I thought the clover might still come in. And so, immediately after harvest, I top-dressed it with barnyard manure, thinking that, if the clover came in, the manure would help it, and if it did not, that it would at any rate help any crop I might put on the land in the spring.

The clover did not come in. And so, with great reluctance, I this spring ploughed it up, and drilled in three bushels of peas and one bushel of oats per acre. The manure put on the previous September was of good quality, pretty well rotted, and we put on a liberal dressing, say fifteen tons per acre. It was spread as fast as drawn. The weather was hot and dry, and some of my neighbors thought the manure would all be burnt up, or at any rate that nearly all the virtue in it would evaporate and be lost. I never had any fears on this score. We harrowed it once or twice last fall, and re-spread any portion that the harrows pulled together; and there the manure lay, exposed on this bare ground, through the fall and winter, until it was ploughed up in the spring.

The result fully came up to my expectations. We had on the ten acres eighty loads of produce. The crop was pretty hard to thresh, as the straw and haulm was very long, and we raised the concave of the machine pretty high, and probably did not thresh very clean. Still, we had 560 bushels from the ten acres, weighing

49 lbs. per bushel. Estimating the crop as oats, at 32 lbs. per bushel, the yield was equal to 88 and a half bushels per acre. I was fortunate enough to get in the crop without a drop of rain falling on it, and the straw will be fully as good as overripe or badly-cured hay.

Of course, I cannot say that there would not have been just as good a crop if the manure had not been applied until spring, but I am inclined to doubt it. And, at any rate — and this was one of my objects — it gave an opportunity for the weed seeds in the manure to germinate last fall, and the spring ploughing destroyed the plants. The field is the one I "fall-fallowed" three years ago, and, for a run-down, weedy farm, the land is now encouragingly clean, and I expect a good crop of wheat on it next year, and a big crop of clover hay, with the chance of a good crop of clover seed the year following. — *J. Harris, in Am. Agriculturist.*

We are glad to see that increased attention is being given to this subject of manuring in the fall, for we believe it to be one of importance to cultivate the soil.

Let the experiment be fully tried by experienced farmers everywhere, and the result will soon satisfy us one way or the other. We know when land for root crops has been manured late in the fall, and the manure ploughed under, followed by the best results the next season. We know of those who have said because they have not been so taught by their fathers, they will not adopt it. If it had been good, it would have been practised before. All such should remember that this is a day of improvements, and that the farmer should not be one whit behind in the great race before us.

T. C. EVANS.

T. C. Evans was born in England, Feb. 22, 1833. He came to this country in 1842, and for several years was in the book trade, in New York city. He went to Boston in 1853, and for three years was connected with the *Commercial Bulletin* as a collector, advertising, and general utility man. In February, 1862, he set up as an advertising agent on his own account, and during the last decade has continued in the business, until, from a small account with two or three papers, he now deals with more than two thousand, whose combined circulation is among the millions.

Mr. Evans's first list, as published on the back of his business card, comprised ten newspapers, such as the *N. E. Farmer*, *Watchman*, *Youth's Companion*, etc. His plan of operation was to solicit advertisements from business men for these papers, and then take them to publishers, they allowing him a commission when he collected the bills. He continued in this primitive manner for some time, until in August, 1862, he became fired with patriotic zeal for his adopted country, and enlisted in the 45th Regiment Massachusetts Volunteers. At the battle of Kingston, which was his first engagement, he was severely wounded in both hands, losing a finger on the right hand. This disabled him from further service, and also from business for some time.

In February, 1863, he resumed his advertising business, and opened an office at 116 Washington Street. His first card had contained a list of ten, his second a list of eighteen, soon followed with a list of twenty-two. This was before the "list system" had come into use, and the business of all the advertising agents was small. The energy which he displayed, however, soon increased his business to the extent that the papers, instead of confining their dealings with him to soliciting advertisements, and collecting bills, began to regard him as an advertiser, and repaid their accounts directly to him, leaving him to make such contracts with business men as he could.

In 1864, he became associated with A. F. Lincoln, under the style of Evans & Lincoln. The new firm issued the first circular, giving a list of leading newspapers, with the rates at which they would receive advertisements. This list contained thirty-three of the best papers in New England. The firm moved to 113, and then to 129 Washington Street, and continued until 1866, when they dissolved the copartnership, and Mr. Evans succeeded to the business, which he has carried on to the present day.

In 1867, he issued a very convenient "Advertiser's Hand-book," giving valuable hints to advertisers, with lists of papers and prices. In 1871, he issued another hand-book, a large octavo, with a list of 2,250 papers. The business has grown up from very small beginnings, until it now equals a fifth of a million annually. All the principal papers of the country are on file in his office, 106 Washington Street. Mr. Evans uses the list system exclusively, and his "Suburban List" comprises the best papers in the vicinity of Boston. The advantages of his agency are recognized in business circles, and he may be almost said to monopolize the advertising business of some lines of trade.

Mr. Evans's present office is at 106 Washington Street, and is well adapted to the business of an advertising agency. The examination of newspapers, and checking of advertisements, the collection and canvassing and account departments requires the services of eight clerks, three of whom are ladies. The business is comparatively new, and really reliable houses are so few that there is no general system of keeping accounts, but each agent has invented

his own, and adapted it to his wants. Mr. Evans's system, which we have examined, is well nigh perfect, and whoever deals with him, whether publisher or advertiser, can readily be satisfied that his affairs are honorably attended to. Mr. Evans's contracts with the papers on his "Suburban List" are made on the basis of a change once in four weeks, or thirteen times a year, at so much per inch, and most of his notices run but four times, and the average space is about three inches. He generally keeps more than a column, or twenty-four inches, in the papers all the time, and this may be formed an idea of the business of his house. He deserves to, and does rank well among the advertising agencies of New England.

Mr. Evans is not only a publisher's agent, but he is a publisher himself, issuing monthly a nicely-printed paper of eight pages, called *The Record*, which is devoted to press news, and items connected with the newspapers. It is little given to controversy, but spicy and readable. A prominent feature of Mr. Evans's business, at the present time, is his trade in printing material, which is ably superintended by his brother, Mr. Charles T. Evans, who has been associated with him since May, 1863. The *Globe Press* owes much of its success to him, as he has introduced a large number of them to the offices of his correspondents. His ink trade is also considerable.

Mr. Evans is tall and slim, of nervo-sanguine temperament, enterprising and smart. He would be selected anywhere for a wide-awake go-ahead Yankee. With great energy, a good knowledge of business, and an ambition to trade whenever such a thing is possible, he probably has a larger list of customers than any other agent in Boston. — *Woburn Journal*.

Money Letters Received to Oct. 28.

C. M. Betthauer, J. Buck; C. J. Clark, J. O. Cowell, T. Cookson; L. B. Dana, E. Davies, D. S. Dexter, C. M. Dimmose; S. Fellows, E. B. Fletcher, S. A. Fuller, L. Fish; J. M. Bow; W. M. Hubbard, D. C. House, S. R. Herrick, E. Hills; N. Ingersoll; J. D. King; D. Lewis; W. H. Norris; 2; F. W. Nash; A. P. Palmer; W. D. Smith; E. D. Tuell; R. H. Wilder, G. Whittaker, E. Wadsworth.

Money Letters Received from Oct. 14 to Oct. 21.

M. L. Barnes, A. L. Bennett; Rev. Dr. Coggeshall, C. E. Cahoe, Chas. Collins, W. H. Cleghorn, James Crowley; G. N. Eldridge; M. C. Foster; J. Green; J. V. Himes; M. Ingersoll, F. W. Johnson; C. E. Libby; J. B. Merrill, T. C. Macomber, H. B. Mitchell, J. H. Mason; F. E. Pearce, A. Pettergrew, E. F. Pray, W. E. Parker, O. Perry; J. Head, J. M. Richardson, D. Richarid; I. A. Stiles, C. A. Smith, C. W. Snow; M. S. Todd; C. L. Wheeler, A. Woodward.

Money Letters Received from Oct. 21 to Oct. 28.

E. F. Brown, W. L. Browne, C. Beale, C. B. Besse, E. Bradford, J. H. Bennett, M. C. Beale; W. G. Clarke, P. B. Chase, W. C. Chase, S. F. Cushman; J. T. Davis; F. Emery; E. S. Flanders, J. Farnham, C. J. Floyd, J. A. Foster, G. C. Fuller; James A. Gallup; D. H. Gallup; D. H. Hamburgh, M. O. Heath, W. H. Holland, Hoyt, Fogg & Breed; B. H. Howard, S. Hubbard; J. S. Jewett, W. H. James; M. D. Mathews, J. H. Mason, J. H. Mowry, C. L. McCurdy; Geo. H. Pierce, S. N. Philbrick, R. C. Pingree; E. J. Roberts, M. W. Robinson, F. A. Robinson; E. M. Smith, H. Stacey, H. H. Snel; J. W. Smith, S. B. Sawyer, John Stone, Jr.; D. J. Smith; I. J. Tebbets, H. Torbush, H. L. Tuttle; J. E. Woodbury, J. F. Woods, R. C. Wright; A. Yates.

J. P. MAGEE, Agent, 88 Bromfield St., Boston.

Marriages.

In this city, Oct. 25, by Rev. J. A. De Forest, Samuel N. Fiske, of Dedham, to Miss Carrie L. Bowker, of this city.

In Lynn, Oct. 25, by Rev. E. A. Manning, Charles W. Newhall to Miss Sarah J. Murcutt; Oct. 25, James A. Flint to Miss Annie E., eldest daughter of Richard Breed; Oct. 25, James I. Ramsdell to Miss Laura F. Williams, of Lynn.

In South Walpole, Oct. 25, by Rev. G. R. Bent, assisted by Mrs. Rev. M. C. Bent, at the house of William Gilmore, esq.; Jacob S. Scrivens to Miss Caroline Gilmore, both of South Walpole.

In Auburndale, Oct. 25, by Rev. E. D. Winslow, Joseph Huestis to Octavia A. Brown, all of Auburndale. In Whitinsville, Oct. 8, by Rev. E. A. Howard, William F. Grooms to Adelaisa L. Fisher, both of Whitinsville.

In South Deerfield, Oct. 25, by Rev. A. Baylies, Lewis Keefel to Miss Mary Smith, both of Hatfield.

In Fitchburg, Oct. 25, by Rev. J. S. Barrows, Charles E. Thompson to Miss Mattie C. Wallace, both of Templeton.

In Portsmout, R. L. Oct. 25, by Rev. O. H. Fernald, George H. Tripp to Miss Adeline I. Fish, both of Portsmouth; Oct. 25, Henry C. Fogg, of Portsmouth, to Miss Ella J. Blodget of Boston, Me.

In Rangoon, Oct. 25, by the marriage of the bride's mother, by Rev. R. F. French, Byron M. Darling, of Bangsley, formerly of Millville, Mass., to Miss Mariana Quincy, of Bangsley. Providence, R. I. papers please copy.

At Parsons in Milan, N. H., Oct. 25, by Rev. G. C. Noyes, assisted by Rev. S. G. Kellogg, Winfield S. Powers of Franklin, Me., to Annette Burbank, of Gorham, N. H.; also, James L. Charles to Sophronia Potter, both of Stowe, Me.

In Pine Street Church, Bangor, Oct. 25, by Rev. C. F. Allen, assisted by Rev. C. W. Morse, Edwin F. Brown, and others, to Miss Mary A. Nichols, of Bangor.

At the Passage in Duxbury, Me., Oct. 25, by Rev. D. M. True, Kerwin H. Lawrence, of Arrowsic, to Miss Mary E. A. Foster, of Georgetown.

In Eastport, Oct. 12, by Rev. C. L. Haskell, George W. Higgins to Miss Clara G. Murphy, both of Eastport; Oct. 25, John Cook, of Eastport, to Miss Flora Diggins, of Halifax.

Deaths.

In East Boston, Mass., Oct. 27, of congestion of the lungs, Mary Elizabeth, only child of Willard S. and Adelia A. Allen, aged 4 months and 27 days. The tiny life, which passed away so suddenly, had lain down on the stream of time, whose bright surface has never been ruffled by any breeze of care, and whose merry course has been watched its way into the eternal sea beyond. Lovely and beautiful, she may be said to have been a family blessing, whose presence has been a source of comfort to her mournful hearts, may be enabled to recognize the same loving hand when He taketh away as when He giveth. Remembering that it was but a treasure lent for a season, may they cheerfully lift it up, with the blessed assurance that it is in a Father's kind keeping, who sendeth out such little ones as these to be ministering spirits, drawing us insinuatively heavenward.

So may the deep shadow which now hovers over their path, not shut out the bright ray of hope, revealing, through the dim vista of future years, the joy of a blessed reunion.

In Birches, Me., Oct. 20, Mr. Hugh Little, aged 65 years and 5 months.

Died, in Ozark, Mo., Oct. 18, Benjamin Russell, aged 67 years; also, Oct. 17, Mrs. Benjamin Russell, aged 67 years, formerly of Greenwood, Me. Maine papers please copy.

The Markets.

BRIGHTON CATTLE MARKET.

Weekly receipt of Cattle, Sheep, and Swine.

Cattle, 3,123; Sheep and Lambs, 12,710; Swine, 10,000; number of Western Cattle, 1,781; Eastern Cattle, 822; Working Oxen, Cows and Northern Cattle, 550. Cattle left over from last week, —

Prices of Beef Cattle \$100 hundred pounds live weight
1st quality, \$5.00 @ 5.75; 2nd quality, \$4.50 @ 5.00; poor
est grade of coarse Oxen, Bulls, etc., \$3.50 @ 4.25 per
hundred. Nearly all the Beef Cattle are sold by the
round live weight.

Brighton Tallow — 9 @ 6½ c. per lb.

Country Skins — c. @ 6½ c. each.

Hides — 6½ c. per lb. for country.

Tallow — 5½ @ 6 c. per lb. for country.

Lamb Skins — \$1.50 @ 1.75 each.

Calf Skins — 16 @ 18c. per lb.

Sheared Sheep Skins — \$0.00 each.

Wool Sheep Skins, \$0.00 @ 0.00 each.

Store Cattle. Yearlings, \$20.00 @ 15.00; 2 year olds
\$12.00 @ 25.00; 3 year olds, \$25.00 @ 45.00. Many of the
Store Cattle of a poor grade sell at prices ranging from

\$12.00 @ 25.00 to \$25.00 @ 45.00. Many of the
Store Cattle are of fair condition and are sold at prices ranging from \$12.00 @ 25.00 to \$25.00 @ 45.00. Many of the small Cattle that are in

a fair condition are sold at prices ranging from \$12.00 @ 25.00 to \$25.00 @ 45.00. Many of the small Cattle that are in

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The Secular World.

The forty-seventh exhibition of the Boston Athenaeum, Beacon Street, besides a few remarkable paintings, contains a number of pleasing and interesting pictures, which make a visit to its rooms a very satisfactory way of passing an hour or two. First, of the more remarkable paintings, there is a Murillo—an undoubted original—in admirable preservation, and full of grace. The subject is a "Holy Family," the Virgin extending her hands to receive the infant Jesus from Joseph. There is a Dori, painted with his usual luxuriance, but without that extravagance which has ruined half his illustrations. It is a summer scene, where a misty light pours in among weeds and flowers, and a great scythe lying in the grass suggests that soon all this fullness of life must pass away. There is a Delaroche, the charcoal drawing for the last picture he ever painted. It is well worth a long study. Christ—a noble figure and countenance, with which one can almost be satisfied as a representation of the Saviour—calls the weary and the heavy-laden unto Him, and gives them rest in His arms. In another room a whole wall is covered with Coppeys; it is very interesting to see collected together so many works of the first American painter of any merit. His well-known glossy satins, and smooth furs, his generally graceful drapery, his faces made as handsome as truth would allow, and yet evidently faithful portraits, all repay a careful examination. The "Red Cross Knight" is particularly pleasing. Besides these, there are a few little gems in the best modern French style, one by Troyon, the great painter of animals, one by Pils, noted for his battle-scenes, "Ruth and Naomi," by Le Roux, and one by Hamon, which is, perhaps, the most attractive of any. A charming Venetian signorina, by an unknown artist, a score of good copies after the old masters, some curious water-colors, and the usual number of landscapes and historical pictures fill up the walls. We shall speak of this gallery again before long, as the Committee intend next season to put into it about fifty of the chromo-lithographs, after pre-Raphaelite artists, published by the Arundel Society, which will make a very novel and attractive exhibition.

EXAMPLE FOR THE LADIES.

MR. LEUTZ, Philadelphia, Pa., has had a Wheeler & Wilson Machine 16 years; for 8 years it supported a family of nine persons, two of these invalids, running on an average of 19 hours a day, by different persons, without costing a cent for repairs; some of the original dozen of needles are still in use; no personal instruction was received, and a child ten years old learned its use thoroughly.

WONDERFUL PHOTOGRAPHIC FEAT.—J. W. Black took an instantaneous photograph of the Torpedo Explosion which occurred in the harbor on Thursday last, about twelve o'clock. In the afternoon he prepared a transparency of the same, and in the evening, during the exhibition of his Stereoscopic Panorama of the Arctic Regions, etc., in the Hanover Street Methodist Church, he exhibited to the audience a mammoth photograph of the scene, eighteen feet in diameter.

TAPE WORM.

A son of C. K. Gould, of Farmington Falls, Me., lingered on Time's shore 27 months with this worm in his bowels. Three weeks use of Hill's Remedy expelled the monster, the last piece 46 feet long. All doctors failed to break its hold.

Oliver Parsons, merchant, Readfield Depot, Me., in three days packing with Remedy, cured a malignant, blind erysipelas sore. All the doctors did not cure one.

Mrs. Donnal, of Windsor, had teeth extracted at Augusta, came near bleeding to death. Cotton wet with Remedy stopped it in a minute. Bring on your Remedies that can do better.

ILLUSTRATED LECTURES, upon the Holy Land and the Hayes & Bradford Arctic Expedition furnished to churches, Sunday-schools, Lyceums, etc., upon short notice and upon very liberal terms on application to J. W. Black (Photographer), 173 Washington Street, Boston, Mass. Circulars free. See advertisement in another column.

WEED'S SEWING MACHINE.—This is a two-thread lock-stitch machine, whose value has stood the severest tests of rivalry and competition. It may be correctly described in these words, —convenient, trustworthy, durable. It is one of those articles of real worth that is soon regarded as a household necessity, and thus is best praised where most used. It has been endorsed by most competent judges so often that its distinctive merits are everywhere known.

Business Notices.

BE SURE YOU ARE RIGHT!

"Be sure you're right, then go ahead,"
Lord Bacon said; and many have said:
"Be sure you're right," though you go slow,
And peace you'll have when you go.
"Be sure you're right, then go ahead,"
And heaven will give you "daily bread";
"Be sure you're right," though you go slow;
And you shall conquer every foe;
You'll be right, though you go slow." BOYD'S CLOTHES,
Coat, Panty, Vest, Hat, and Shoes complete,
Corner of Beach and Washington Street.

CARPETS FOR THE PEOPLE.

Carpets for the People, *at popular low prices* from the auction trade sales in New York, the past week. Large lines of English Tapestries, Three Plys, Extra Superfines, Kidderminster, Floor Oil Cloth, Mattings, etc., with which our customers will be supplied at less than the market prices, at our new warehouse, 76, 78, and 82 Friend St., second building from Hanover St. **NEW ENGLAND CARPET COMPANY**, Boston.

Carpets at Low Prices. 1,000 rolls Floor Oil Cloths, of the beautiful enamelled finish, for sale at manufacturer's prices at our new warehouse, 76, 78, and 82 Friend St., second building from Hanover St. **NEW ENGLAND CARPET COMPANY**, Boston.

Carpets at Low Prices. 250 pieces of English Tapestries, from the auction trade sale of Wimberley and Mounts. **NEW ENGLAND CARPET COMPANY**, Boston.

Carpets at Low Prices. Kidderminster Carpets for 62 cents per yard. 300 rolls from the auction trade sales just received by the **NEW ENGLAND CARPET COMPANY**, Boston.

1,200 English Crumb-cloths with borders, from auction at almost half value, just received by New England Carpet Co.

75 PIECES UNION INGRAIN CARPETS for 50 cents per yard—which is less than the cost of production—brought in from the trade sale in New York, the 13th inst., at the new warehouse, 76, 78, and 82 Friend St., second building from Hanover St. **NEW ENGLAND CARPET CO.**

Nov. 9, 421 A.M.

The CHEAPEST Yet. Yard-wide Carpetings, in imitation of 3-Plys, for 57 cents per yard. We have just received 1,000 rolls of these goods from Saxony, England. They are the least expensive carpeting that has ever been offered in this market. **NEW ENGLAND CARPET CO.**, at our new warehouse, 76, 78, and 82 Friend St., second building from Hanover St., Boston.

CHARACTER OF THE CLOTHES.—*Modern Lay Carpets, in their Sphere and Tendencies.* E. H. Hatfield, A. M., Mills: *Review of "The Sword and the Garment."* W. T. Worth.

Afternoon, "Points of Agreement in Protestantism and Romanism," W. V. Morrison: "The Neglect of the Ministry of Grace: Causes, Tendency, Remedy," George E. Reed.

DISCUSSION: "Should Conference Boundaries, as far as Practicable, Conform to State Lines?" J. Mather, L. W. Blood.

Evening, Sermon, J. Howson; Alternate, S. Leader, D. L. Brown, Sec. of Association.

THE FIRST METHODIST EDUCATIONAL CONVENTION will be held in this city, Nov. 15 and 16, The programme is as follows:—

Tuesday, 7½ P. M.—Sermon, by Prof. Rice, at the Broadfield Street Church.

Wednesday, 8½ A. M.—Organization, at Wesleyan Hall.

9 A. M.—"Methodist and other Church Educational Societies in New England," Rev. Dr. D. Rochester.

9 A. M.—"Duty of Young People to Become Teachers in Public Schools," Prof. Kinmont, Prof. Robinson, Rev. H. Lammiss.

11.30 A. M.—"The Study of French and German in our Public Schools," Prof. Prentiss, Prof. Latimer, Rev. F. W. Dinger.

2 P. M.—"Theological Education in the Methodist Episcopal Church," Dr. Warren, Dr. Webber.

3.30 P. M.—"The Educational Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church; the Call for its Efficient Organization," Rev. Dr. A. Lindsey, Rev. D. Sherman, Rev. L. Luce.

4 P. M.—"Professional Education other than Theological," F. J. Perry, esq., Melville M. Bigelow, esq., Dr. Chase of Haverhill, and Dr. Warner, of Worcester.

Wednesday evening, "The Duty of our People to Give their Children the Best Education," Dr. Cooke, Rev. A. McKeown, Prof. Arey; "The Bible in Schools," Dr. Townsend, Rev. M. W. Prince, Rev. R. S. Stubbs.

Thursday, 8.30 A. M.—"Colleges and Women," Dr. Cummings, and C. W. Cushing.

10 A. M.—"Our Educational Institutions for New England," Dr. Thayer, Dr. Torsey.

12.30 P. M.—"The Value of our Schools on the Liberty of the Church," Rev. H. H. Julia, Rev. Dr. Patton, Prof. Wilder, H. B. Averett, etc.

2 P. M.—"Our Publishing Interests for New England," Rev. Dr. J. Talbot, A. S. Weed.

3 P. M.—Resolutions.

Thursday evening, Addresses by Rev. Wm. Rice, member of the Massachusetts Board of Education, Rev. Dr. Barrows, and Rev. Dr. Newhall.

Friday evening, Addresses by Rev. Wm. Rice, member of the Massachusetts Board of Education, Rev. Dr. Barrows, and Rev. Dr. Newhall.

13 Court Square (Room 20), Boston.

Wills drawn; Estates settled; Trusts discharged.

Promised attention given to Collections and all other departments of Law practice.

Reference by permission to Hon. Jacob Sleeper, Isaac Rich, esq., and Rev. Gilbert Haven.

45 P. M.

FREE TO BOOK AGENTS.

We will send a handsome Prospectus of our *New Illustrated Family Bible* containing over 200 fine Scriptural Illustrations to any Book Agent, free of charge. Address NATIONAL PUBLISHING CO., Philadelphia, Penn.

61*

HENRY BAYLIES,
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW.

13 Court Square (Room 20), Boston.

Wills drawn; Estates settled; Trusts discharged.

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45 P. M.

A New Church Music Book for Choirs.

"THE SCEPTRE,"

By Dr. A. BROOKS EVERITT.

Price, only One Dollar; Per Dozen Copies, \$10.50.

Sent by Mail on receipt of One Dollar.

BIGLOW & MAIN, No. 425 Broome St.,

New York,

61* Successors to WM. B. BRADBURY.

NOT A LOUD WORD

Had Mrs. AUGUSTUS WESTON, of Duxbury, Mass., spoken for three months. Physician, and all cough remedies, had failed. One bottle of *Lydillard's Lung Compound* fully restored her voice.

Mrs. KATIE DAVIS, 1223 Washington St., Boston, says: "Mr. Selee, —Please send me one dozen of *Lydillard's Lung Compound* for my friends. It cured me when thought past cure."

Mrs. HATTIE E. POPE, No. 2 Garland St., Boston, says: "Mr. Selee, —Send me \$5.00 worth of your cough remedy; it gives me relief as nothing else. Send at once."

B. LINCOLN, esq., Milwaukee, Wis., says: "Send me a box of the Lung Compound for a sick friend." The recipe for this great remedy cost me *five hundred dollars*. For *\$5.00 I will deliver one dozen anywhere in New England free of expense.*

SELEE'S HAIR LIFE

Is only *5%* Hair Restorer. Beware of all hair preparations that destroy the eyesight, produce pain and paralysis. Send \$7.00 for one dozen; or \$4.00 for a half dozen. Large Bottles.

SELEE'S LIQUID SOAP

Is a capital thing.

Prof. C. W. CUSHING, Auburndale, and some nine hundred more of the great and good, tell me this Liquid Soap is of very great value.

It is a great aid in keeping clean, and in washing with *Selee's Liquid Soap*. Orders come from all quarters.

It costs only *25¢* per dozen. Quart bottles. Three bottles will last one year. You will never return to the old way of washing when you have used one bottle. Rev. S. P. SNOW, Osterville, Mass., says: "My wife could not do without it." So say the multitude.

Address all orders to:

N. P. SEELEY, Medford, Mass.

A NEW CHURCH MUSIC BOOK FOR SINGING SCHOOLS,

"THE SCEPTRE,"

By Dr. A. BROOKS EVERITT.

Only One Dollar; Per Dozen Copies, \$10.50.

ASK YOUR BOOKSELLER FOR IT.

Published by BIGLOW & MAIN, N. Y.

Successors to WM. B. BRADBURY.

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CHARLES C. NORTH, President.

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A. M. PARKER, M. D., Med. Examiner.

LEMUEL SKINNER, Counselor.

EMORY MCCLINTOCK, Consulting Actuary.

We recommend them to our friends and customers with the same confidence with which we have always recommended the UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT and the CENTRAL PACIFIC BONDS.

We continue to buy and sell CENTRAL PACIFIC BONDS at the market price, and fully expect they will, in time, reach the price of Five-twenty Bonds. They are dealt in at all the principal money-centres of the world; the Company has none left, and can issue no more, on their Main Line, as the amount was fixed by act of Congress at \$25,000,000; the property pledged to secure the bondholders is

WORTH FULLY ONE HUNDRED MILLIONS; the net receipts of the road for the year will be nearly three times the interest payments thereon.

THE CHESAPEAKE AND OHIO BONDS are issued in \$100, \$500, \$1000; either coupon or registered; interest six per cent, gold, payable May and November.

THE CENTRAL PACIFIC BONDS are all for \$1000 each, interest six per cent, gold, payable January and July, in New York City.

We buy and sell FIVE-TWENTIES, TEN-FORTIES, EIGHTY-ONES, and CENTRAL AND WESTERN PACIFICS, or receive them in payment for CHESAPEAKE AND OHIO BONDS at their current market price.

Orders for Chesapeake and Ohio Bonds, accompanied with Drafts or Checks, may be forwarded to us by mail. Bonds or money may be forwarded by any respectable Express Company at our expense, and the Chesapeake and Ohio Bonds, in exchange, will be sent by return Express, charges paid.

Deposit accounts of banks, bankers, and others received, on which we allow interest at the rate of four per cent per annum. Checks drawn on us are payable on presentation, without notice, the same as a National Bank.

Certificates of Deposit, bearing interest at special rates to be agreed upon, will be issued to Savings Banks, Institutions, Trustees of Estates, and others having sums of money awaiting investment.

Orders for Investment Stocks and Bonds executed at the Stock Exchange. Government Securities bought and sold, as usual, at current market rates.

HARVEY FISH, A. S. HATCH.

Nov. 9, 1424

The Rising Sun

TRADE MARK.

STOVE POLISH!

For Beauty of Polish, Saving of Labor, Freshness from Dust, Durability and Cheapness, truly unrivaled in any Country.

MORSE BROS., Prop'ts,

CANTON, O.

This polish is put up in Bulk for stove dealers' use at twelve cents per pound—twenty-five and fifty pound boxes. Try it, and you will use no other.

Nov. 9, 1424

ZION'S HERALD

STANDARD PORTRAIT —OF— JOHN WESLEY.

Until the present, no likeness of the founder of Methodism has been recognised as a standard. Various faces are extant, and no two are alike. Over thirty have been collected by Rev. C. C. Goss, and submitted to the persons named below, who were unanimous in favor of the one now published.

The advantage of this is that it presents just such a person as we would naturally expect to see. It shows the great man as well as the good; together with bodily vigor and mental strength. His countenance is paternal, and his whole person dignified and imposing.

COMMENDATIONS.

The best portrait of Wesley we have seen, produced in the highest style of art, and full of characteristic expression.—*Christian Advocate*.

This is Wesley as our love and reverence would naturally imagine him. His countenance happily blends benignity with power.—*Methodist*.

This portrait of Wesley stands unrivaled.—*Western Christian Advocate*.

Of the many likenesses of the founder of Methodism, this, to my mind, is the most perfect.—*G. P. Disovsky*.

The undersigned having examined thirty different likenesses of the Rev. John Wesley, heartily commend the one published by Mrs. C. C. Goss, both as a work of art, and as expressive of the true character of the great and good man. As this will doubtless become the standard portrait, it ought to be in the house of every lover of Methodism.

R. S. Foster, Jos. Holdich, E. S. James,
Abel Stevens, J. McClintock,
Daniel Wise, Geo. R. Crooks,
J. P. Durbin, Thos. Carlton, G. P. Disovsky.

AGENTS WANTED.

Who will be treated with kindness and liberality, consistent with the teachings of the man whose Portrait they are required to sell to the members of the Church established by him.

Published by
FRANK A. GOODWIN & CO.
36 BROMFIELD ST., Room 19, BOSTON.

W.M. T. HODSDON, Agent.
50*

Liberal Offer Sabbath-Schools and Others.

THE AMERICAN TRACT SOCIETY
Offices, Boston, N. Y., &c.
Child's Paper, or 50 copies of the Morning Log, Job, &c.
40 copies of the American Messenger for one year,

For the Names of Twelve New Subscribers
to the ILLUSTRATED CHRISTIAN WEEKLY, with the money, \$25.

Remainders in the same proportion for any larger number of subscribers.

Specimen copies sent on application.

This offer holds till the first day of January, 1872.

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